

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Letters from the East. By JOHN CARNE, Esq., of Queen's College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 593. London, 1826. Colburn.

THE *Letters from the East* are not unknown to the public, many of them having already appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, where they formed an attractive feature in that highly respectable journal. They are now collected, and with several additional letters, on the state of Greece, form a very interesting volume. Mr. Carne does not detain us with a long account of his progress to the scene of action, like many travellers, but conducts us at once to Constantinople, whither he proceeded from Marseilles; he then leads us, with the same fixed attention on the place where he is at the moment, through Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Arabia, the Morea, &c., describing, with a vigorous pen, the ruins of antiquity—their ancient splendour and their present state. Mr. Carne is a close and an acute observer, and he gives an excellent account of the manners, customs, and peculiarities of the people of the countries through which he passed, interspersed with many personal anecdotes, which render his work lively and instructive; indeed, it forms a very animated, and, we doubt not, a very faithful picture of those highly interesting countries to which it relates.

Mr. Carne gives an interesting description of Constantinople and its inhabitants; his account of the Turkish cemetery is very spirited, but the author of *Anastasius* has given so vivid a picture of this place, that all other descriptions of it must appear to a disadvantage; we, therefore, quote an account of a Turkish amusement:—

'On emerging from this vast cemetery, we descended the hill, and entered a small wood, where groups of Turks were seated in the shade, or beneath awnings, smoking and conversing, or amused with a buffoon. The field of action presented a scene truly interesting and oriental. It formed a kind of amphitheatre, the steep declivity of which was covered with innumerable spectators, who sat in rows on the ground, their turbaned heads, of all the colours of the rainbow, rising in ridges one over the other to the summit. Above these, on the brow of the hill, were pitched a number of tents; and beside them stood several open carriages, filled with Turkish ladies, yet veiled. The Sultan was in a kiosk, that overlooked the field, before which were ranged his guards, uncommonly fine men, all in white dresses. A number of beautiful Arabian coursers, richly caparisoned, and held by grooms, stood around, and gave a variety to the scene. In

a small valley below were the combatants with the jerrid. The wild Turkish music struck up, and the game was warmly engaged in. The dexterity of the players was admirable; starting at full speed in all directions, they threw the jerrid with infinite skill, and warded off their antagonist's, or caught it as it flew.'

Our author visited the mosque of the whirling dervishes during the feast of Beiram, and gives the following account of them:—

'Taking off our shoes at the entrance, we mingled among the assemblage of Turks that was seated on the floor. There was a great deal of simplicity and elegance in the building: a large circular space in the middle was inclosed by a railing, within which were near twenty dervishes. Above was a gallery, with a front of gilt lattice-work, which held a great number of spectators, as well as the musicians. The devotions, if so they may be called, began with the chanting some parts of the Koran, by a dervise in the gallery, whose voice gradually became louder, and the dervishes below began to walk round in a circle, slowly, with their arms folded. At last the music struck up a lively strain; and one of them, advancing into the middle of the circle, began to spin round like a top. They all threw off the outer garment, and in their white vest set to spinning, with their arms extended in a line with the top of their heads, and their eyes closed. It is really incredible how they could endure such an incessant motion for such a length of time, it being continued for more than an hour, with two or three intervals of rest of a few minutes each. Though so many in a small space, and the vest of each flung out like a parachute, they did not come in contact with each other.'

Almost all travellers speak very highly of the honesty of the Turks, and Mr. Carne relates some striking instances of it:—

'On landing at Galati, my effects were carried by a porter; and proceeding up one of the crowded streets, we entirely lost sight of him, and turned towards a coffee-house, as I concluded he had made off with them; but the Swedish captain of the vessel, who had been here before, declared such a circumstance was never known here. In a short time we observed the poor fellow returning down the street, and looking most anxiously on every side.—In the bazaars a merchant will often go away and leave his shop and effects exposed, without the least concern. In their dealings it is rare to find any attempt to defraud; and in the whole of my journey through various parts of the empire, often lodging in the humblest cottages, and in the most remote situations, I never suffered the

loss of the most trifling article among the Turks.

'An amusing incident befel Mr. R., a gentleman attached to the palace, during our stay here. He had lost a leg while in the navy, and, being very desirous of visiting the great bazaar, he rode through it on horse-back; a privilege used by none but Turks, and in these disturbed times rather dangerous. A Bostandgi Bashee, an officer of some rank, being enraged on observing this, came up and struck with his sabre at Mr. R.'s wooden leg. The Turk's astonishment at seeing no blood flow, or wound inflicted, was very great. He lifted his sabre, and cut with good will through part of the leg; but finding it all useless, he drew back without uttering a word, and gazed intently on the Frank.'

In the island of Scio, Mr. Carne was shown the spot where Homer is said to have kept his school; it is on the shore:—

'It is a rock, within which are still visible the remains of seats cut out. The poet certainly displayed an excellent taste in his choice of a situation: a noble group of trees stands close by, and a fountain of the purest water gushes out in their shade; in front, and around, are the beautiful harbour, and cottages amidst delicious gardens; and behind, precipices of purple rocks rising in their nakedness. The Turks are fond of enjoying the coolness and shade of this spot; the follower of the prophet smoking his pipe and performing his ablutions where Mæonides was inspired!'

Among the distressing scenes which Turkish oppression causes, and many of them are related in this volume; we shall quote one:

'A circumstance of a very interesting and affecting kind occurred at this time in one of the Greek isles. A number of the islanders, terrified at the approach of a Turkish force, hurried on board a large boat, and pushed off from the land. The wife of one of them, a young woman of uncommon loveliness, seeing her husband departing, stood on the shore, stretching out her hands towards the boat, and imploring, in the most moving terms, to be taken on board. The Greek saw it without concern or pity, and, instead of aiding her escape, bade his companions hasten their flight. This unfortunate woman, left unprotected in the midst of her enemies, struggled through scenes of difficulty and danger, of insult and suffering, till her failing health and strength, with a heart broken by sorrow, brought her to her death-bed. She had never heard from her husband; and, when wandering amongst the mountains, or lying hid in some wretched habitation, or compelled to urge her flight amidst cruel fa-

tigues, her affection for him, and the hope of meeting him again, bore up her courage through all. He came at last, when the enemy had treated and the Greeks had sought their homes again; and learning her situation, was touched with the deepest remorse. But all hope of life was then extinguished; her spirit had been tried to the utmost; love had changed to aversion, and she refused to see or forgive him. There is at times in the character of the Greek women, as more than one occasion occurred of observing, a strength and sternness that is truly remarkable. Her sister and relations were standing round her bed; and never in the days of her health and love did she look so touchingly beautiful as then: her fine dark eyes were turned on them with a look, as if she mourned not to die, but still felt deeply her wrongs; the natural paleness of her cheek was crimsoned with a hectic hue, and the rich tresses of her black hair fell dishevelled by her side. Her friends, with tears, entreated her to speak to and forgive her husband; but she turned her face to the wall, and waved her hand for him to be gone. Soon the last pang came over her, and then affection conquered;—she turned suddenly round, raised a look of forgiveness to him, placed her hand in his, and died.

Of the city of Damascus, which Mr. Carne visited among other places, he gives us the following account:—

'The greatest luxuries the city contains are the coffee-houses; many of these are built on the bosom of the river, and supported by piles. The platform of the coffee-house is raised only a few inches above the level of the stream; the roof is supported by slender rows of pillars, and it is quite open on every side; innumerable small seats cover the floor, and you take one of these and place it in the position you like best; the river, whose surrounding banks are covered with wood, rushes rapidly by close to your feet. Near the coffee-houses are one or two cataracts, several feet high, with a few trees growing out of the river beside them; and the perpetual sound of their fall, and the coolness they spread around, are exquisite luxuries in the sultry heat of day. At night, when the lamps, suspended from the slender pillars, are lighted, and Turks of different ranks, in all the varieties of their rich costume, cover the platform, just above the surface of the river, on which, and on its foaming waterfalls, the moonlight rests, and the sound of music is heard, you fancy that if ever the Arabian Nights' enchantments are to be realised, it is here,

'These cool and delightful places were our daily and favourite lounge: they are resorted to at all hours of the day. There are two or three coffee-houses constructed somewhat differently from the one just described. A low gallery divides the platform from the tide; fountains play on the floor, which is furnished with sofas and cushions; and music and dancing always abound. Together with a pipe and coffee, they bring you two or three delicious cherbets, and fruit of some kind is also put into the vase presented you. In the middle of the river

that rushed round one of these latter cafés, was a little island covered with verdure and trees, where you might go and sit for hours without once desiring a change of place.

'The Arabian story-tellers often resort here; their tales are frequently accompanied by a guitar; the most eminent among them are Arabs. There are a few small coffee-houses more select, where the Turkish gentlemen often go, from dinner-parties, and spend the day.'

In Cyprus, there is a splendid mosque, which was formerly the Christian church of St. Sophia, but every vestige of Christian worship was destroyed when the Turks stormed the city in the fifteenth century:—

'This noble edifice conveys an impressive idea of earthly vicissitudes. The ancient kings of Cyprus were crowned within its walls, where also their ashes were laid: the warriors of the temple have their tombs here, and many a haughty Venetian senator; but now the Turk tramples on their ashes, and invokes the prophet over the graves of those who shed their blood in defiance of his name.

'It is difficult to form an idea of the population of the town at present,—so many of the Greeks have fled or been sacrificed, or keep concealed in their houses.

'We went to the palace to have an audience of the governor: he was absent in the country, but his chief officer, a young and handsome man, received us with great politeness. Some of the apartments of the palace were very elegantly furnished, with a double row of windows on three sides of the wall, for the admission of air. Refreshments were served, and the Turk assured us of perfect safety in travelling to any part of the island, and requested, that, if we wanted any thing, we would make it known to him. The palace stands in the great square, in the midst of which is a beautiful fountain: it was here that the cruel execution took place of the Greek nobles and merchants. The governor sent to inform them, that he had just received despatches from Constantinople, which not only assured them of protection and safety, but granted them some additional privileges; and he invited them, from different parts, to attend at his palace on a certain day, to hear these documents read. Too credulously trusting to the governor's professions, almost all the principal Greeks in the island assembled, and were admitted into the chamber of audience, from which they were almost instantly conducted by a passage, one after the other, into the square without, where the sight of a strong guard, and the executioner with his naked sabre in his hand, revealed at once the base treachery practised on them. The latter, who was a Slavonian soldier, boasted to us of his dexterity in the execution, for he had struck off every one of their heads with a single blow of the sabre. The father of the family who found refuge at the consul's at Larnica, was among the number. The unhappy men bore their fate with singular resignation, and submitted their necks to the blow without a murmur or complaint. Their houses and effects, lands and villages, were instantly seized and confiscated, and their families

rendered desolate! It is not easy to estimate the misery occasioned by this sudden and cold-blooded cruelty.

'The archbishop described this scene, which was quite recent; and the anguish of his feelings was bitterly augmented on the following day, when the Slavonian soldier waited on him and demanded a reward. Cyprion asked for what? The other answered, because he had put the archbishop's countrymen to death with so little pain, having beheaded each at a single blow, and that he deserved a recompense. But this wretch had been richly paid before; as he affirmed on our way to the mosque, that he had received a certain sum of the governor for every head.'

In the Letters on Greece, to which we shall more particularly turn our attention in our next, we find the following account of an Italian adventurer, whom our author met at Tripolizza:—

'Walking through the streets, I met one day with an Italian adventurer, who had been engaged in the siege of the town, and had the direction of two light pieces of artillery,—all the Greeks were possessed of. These, in the storming, were brought into the streets, and were of singular use in demolishing some of the finest buildings. This scoundrel, without the smallest feeling of regret, pointed out to me the remains of a large palace, the walls of which were miserably shattered. The Greeks were unable to enter this mansion, as it was well defended; when he brought his two pieces of artillery into the narrow street that led to it, and at one discharge blew open the then Turkish wall; the breach was instantly entered by the soldiers, who put all within to the sword. The Italian exulted in this exploit, and some others of a similar kind. He invited me earnestly to enter his house, to pass an hour or two, and I consented. He played uncommonly well on several instruments, but, like many of his nation, was a thorough villain and sensualist. He had a complete harem in his house, and in one apartment had eight or ten Turkish and Grecian women, chiefly the former. These unfortunate beings were perfectly friendless and poor: some of them probably had been respectable; but in danger of their lives, and turned out of their homes, they had been glad to find a roof and a maintenance on any terms. The Italian talked of them and their misfortunes with perfect coolness: he had no money himself, but received rations for each of them, from day to day, from the government; and thus they were supported. It was a matter of perfect indifference to this fellow which side he espoused, the Greeks or the Turks, so long as he could live as he wished. Several other adventurers of a similar stamp, were in the town.

'The coffee-houses were generally full, great part of the day, with soldiers and citizens; the former from different parts of the Morea. In a narrow street, where an awning was suspended over a bench before the door, was a shop where very good coffee was to be had; and here we took our seat every day. It was often amusing to hear the boasting of

many of the people, of their prowess and victories, and those they were yet to gain. A priest sometimes came and seated himself on the bench;—even the war did not make the good fathers forget their avocation, for they were absurdly building a new church at this time in the town, when the money might have been much better applied to the war. A Mainote would come, take his pipe, and look wildly round him, or sing one of his mountain songs. A very handsome young Greek, who had been a merchant, but was now a soldier, was pointed out to me as having met with adventures, and passed through scenes of peril and of love, very like some of those in the *Life of Anastasius*. Unquestionably that work is drawn more from real life, than romance; for what creature is capable of sustaining so many characters, braving, dissembling, and finally extricating himself out of every difficulty, so well as a subtle, clever, and elegant Greek?

Essays on the Universal Analogy between the Natural and the Spiritual Worlds. By the Author of *Memoirs of a Deist*. 8vo. pp. 320. London, 1826. Hatchard and Son.

In an age of almost universal knowledge like the present, it would certainly be presumptuous in us to say that this volume 'passeth all human understanding,' yet we honestly confess that we have taken some pains to make ourselves masters of it, but in vain. Did we belong to that most useless of all our institutions, the Royal Society of Literature, we should certainly propose that its highest reward should be given to the gentleman who in the shortest space should explain the nature and object of these mystifying and metaphysical *Essays on the Universal Analogy*; and we fear, without some temptation of this sort, no person will ever be found to unravel so intricate a subject. As the said society has certainly quite as much money as wit at command, it is not impossible that its members may adopt our suggestion, and, therefore, with a view to enable our readers to become candidates, we shall make one or two extracts from this work. The first is, or professes to be, an answer to a question in Lord Bacon's *Views of Universal Philosophy*. The question and answer we give:—

Question. Does any one, in handling similitude and diversity, assign the cause, why iron should not move to iron, which is more like, but move to the loadstone, which is less like?

In opening this question I would put another question to the inquirer, and say, why does the convinced, (though not yet converted,) sinner not move to the open unconvinced sinner, who is apparently more like, but to the saint, or to the book, or to the preacher, the instrument of his conviction, who is apparently less like? If I can show that the natural iron and loadstone are symbols of the above moral cases and things, I presume that the reader will then understand the meaning at once. In fact, I have written an essay on moral magnetism in comparison with the natural; and I find that all the cases in the natural, are

strict symbols of those in the moral scale; they are all exact parallels. Yet I cannot prove my assertions in few words or lines, so I will only say briefly, that the loadstone or magnet is a magnetizer or teacher. He possesses the magnetic fluid of reason and truth. The pure iron is his docile and non-pre-occupied pupil: while the iron is unmagnetized by the spirit of the loadstone, it is not attracted by it; but so soon as the spirit of the master is imbibed by the pupil, he also becomes magnetized by reason and true proportion; he is then attracted by the spirit of his master. He also has polarity; that is to say, he is competent to distinguish good and evil, and social from self-love; or south from north. He perceives that the centre between these two extremes or poles, is this divine truth, "thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." He then sees that the meridian of his moral compass from east to west is the true line of religion, at right angles to that of morality. He will not then move to the unmagnetic iron, by the attraction of sympathy, but only by the impulse of charity, to teach as he was taught; but he will move by attraction towards the moral magnet whom he resembles in spirit, but not yet in form.

I would add, that the moral or human magnets are positive by true religion, and negative by false religion; but they both operate similarly, though inversely. For instance, the apostles and prophets of our Lord are positive magnets; and those of Satan, such as the teachers of blasphemy, sedition, and all wickedness, are negative. Thus our Lord says, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." (St. John, ch. xii.) Again, in the 32d of Ezekiel, it is said, "Son of man, wail for the multitude of Egypt, and cast them down into the nether parts of the earth, with them that go down into the pit," &c. "Draw her, and all her multitude."

Our author will, we are sure, excuse our ignorance in not exactly comprehending his reasoning, as he, sybil as he is, confesses himself unable to answer one of Lord Bacon's questions, merely because he is not a lawyer! Having given a specimen of our author's solving difficulties started by others, we will now quote a puzzle of his own. After stating that the different periods of the heart and mind are justly marked by Shakspeare, in his *Seven Ages*, he flies off at a tangent to a parallel, or analogy, as he would call it, of which the immortal bard never dreamed. He says:—

First is the small and rapid course of comparative innocence and ignorance of good and evil in infancy, which I would venture to compare to the orbit of Mercury in our solar system. Then comes the orbit of puerile instruction, which has this analogy to the planet Venus, that reason, the axis and poles of the soul, begins to rise superior. For, in infancy, the poles and axis of the rational mind, are prostrate and invisible, having no elevation at all; but the equator of the animal heart is alone predominant; and this is probably the condition of the planet Mercury; because it seems likely that the analogy holds good throughout the solar system,

as well as in the sun and moon, the earth, the firmament, and the stars.

The poles of Venus are declined about 75° from the vertical or perpendicular to the plane of her orbit or path, therefore her symbolical north pole of reason has begun to be rectified, or elevated by education. Also, her orbit is inclined 3° 20' to the ecliptic, or supposed plane of the sun's equator, which is or which ought to be the regulator of the whole system. This shows the defects of her moral practice.

To the orbit of puerile instruction succeeds that of love, which will well dominate our highly favoured planet, of which we may say, when the Lord made it, "Behold, thy time was the time of love," Ezek. xvi. The axis and poles of our earth are still more rectified than those of Venus, being only 23° 28' from the vertical axis of its orbit; that is to say, from the vertical line of upright reason or perfect moral manhood, according to the course of this fallen world. It appears rather extraordinary, that according to astronomers, our earth's orbit coincides with the sun's equator. This would seem to announce, that our path or conduct is perfectly conformable to the divine example of our Lord, whilst at the same time it differs considerably from our own judgment of what is true and upright, or vertical! If the reverse of this were the case, or if our axis of judgment had been upright, but our orbit or practical conduct defective and wide of divine precept and example, it would appear to be more agreeable to matter of fact! If indeed our orbit represented the "path of the just" only, it might be said that "we walk by faith, and not by sight" or reason, and therefore perfection is imputed to us by faith, even the righteousness of Christ. But the orbit of the planet must, I think, be considered as the path of the whole, or at least as that of the majority upon a balance, and not as that of the minority; therefore we must leave the case open for further consideration.

After love, (in Shakspeare's parallel,) succeeds the orbit of ambition or vain glory, which seems well typified by Mars, whose appearance is red and fiery, like the character of the fabulous deity; and whose atmosphere, or rational faculty, appears to be particularly gross, and who, though superior in the order of the system, is not perceived to have any moon. Yet his axis is not at all inclined to the plane of his orbit, (according to Mr. Ferguson,) but his orbit is inclined to the ecliptic in an angle of 1° 50'.

That carnal ambition, or vain glory, has not the illuminations proceeding from right reason, is very certain; therefore from analogy it seems probable that Mars has no moon to enlighten him. Yet his very small obliquity with respect to the plane of the ecliptic, and his squareness to his orbit, seem at first sight to announce, that the axis of his reason is very nearly right, both with respect to general truth, and to his own conduct; also, his more advanced stage in the general system, appears to require that it should be so. To obviate this seeming contradiction, it is here only necessary to observe, (what has already been laid down in

the premises,) that the orbit of a planet denotes its walk or practical conduct in that plane, which Providence hath appointed, or circumstances have induced. The planet is the type of a man or a world of men. On the other hand, the axis of the same planet, (Πλανήτης; wanderer,) appears to denote the state of the judgment or reason of the character typified thereby. Hence a great difference, or declination from the perpendicular, which the axis should make with the plane of the orbit, denotes an equal difference between the mind or judgment, and the practice of the inclinations of the heart in actual conduct. A small difference in the first denotes also a small difference between judgment and practice. Yet the judgment also may be erroneous; it may proceed, not from right reason, but from carnal reason; and in this case, though the conduct may be very truly regulated by it, yet they will both be wrong. "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch," (Matthew.) Hence the reason of vain glory and worldly ambition, being manifestly a carnal, sensual, pernicious dream, it is not at all nearer to divine truth, (or figuratively speaking, parallelism to the sun's real axis and equator,) for being so nearly perpendicular to its own orbit or conduct,

'Next to vain glory and carnal ambition, (in Shakspeare's series, and in Nature's also,) comes the orbit or circle of justice, judgment, truth, and reason, according to the course of this world. This period may, perhaps, be considered as analogous to the planet Jupiter, whose conditions, in part at least, appear to approach nearer to squareness and coincidence, with those of the sun, than any other hitherto discovered in the system. Jupiter's axis is so nearly vertical to the plane of his orbit, that, according to Mr. Ferguson, there can be no sensible effects in consequence of so small a fraction. Also, the inclination of his orbit to the ecliptic, or plane of the sun's equator, is only $1^{\circ} 20'$, which is less than the inclination of any other planetary orbit. Hence he changes not his seasons like the other planets, whose (typical) judgment and practice differ so widely, sometimes hot, and sometimes cold: but always preserving the just equilibrium of temperance.

'The four moons of Jupiter appear to be probably types of the human senses, natural, moral, and intellectual. It is nevertheless certain, and will be here most naturally objected to my analogy, that man has five senses, and therefore that the planet Jupiter should have five moons. To this I would reply, we must remember that one of these senses is feeling, or actual contact, an internal sense, and therefore it is perhaps impossible to display, or represent this internal sense properly by a moon detached from the planet, and revolving about it. The most extensive natural sense is that of sight or demonstration, and it answers to the intellectual demonstration of the light of truth. I suppose, therefore, that the remotest of Jupiter's moons may typify this sense.

'The next orbit of sense is that of hearing or faith (sometimes) which often has understanding, but not necessarily. After this

comes the smell or scent, which seems to denote strong suspicion and presumption, almost amounting to certainty; for instance, it is proverbial to say, "I smell a rat," or I suspect mischief. Fourthly comes the taste, which is partly excited by volatile effluvia of scent, and partly produced by solid contact. This sense, therefore, though so very close to feeling, and sometimes blended with it, is yet distinct from general feeling, and may be externally represented, in part, at least, by a moon.'

We need not, we are persuaded, go to the other ages, though some of our readers will, perhaps, think the author has reached the seventh age himself; he is, however, a bold man, for he supposes 'Jupiter to be a self-deceived and self righteous sinner, and Saturn to be a complete hypocrite—that is to say in types,'—we presume in printers' types, for certainly in such the two unoffending planets are so branded by our author, whose work we now commit to such of our readers as may have the curiosity to look at it.

The Birth of Bruce; or, Countess of Carrick, a Tale of Duty and Love; and other Poems. By HUGH CAMPBELL, Illustrator of Ossians Poems. 12mo. London. Longman and Co.

MR. CAMPBELL is a very industrious, but, we fear, an ill-requited author: that he is a man of talents will not be denied, but he appears to us to be of a somewhat testy temper, caused, perhaps, by unmerited neglect, and to rail against critics somewhat unfairly; for whatever may be the faults, venial or otherwise, of reviewers, we do honestly believe that, take them collectively, they oftener speak good naturedly of books of a mediocre quality than they censure those beneath it. We do not state this as an apology for ourselves, for, although one or two authors have appealed against our decision in printed narratives, and others have less honourably shown how they winced under our remarks, yet we think, if every critic were to run the gauntlet of the authors he has noticed, we should be less scored than any of our cotemporaries.

Of the volume of poems now before us, some of them have already received our approbation. The Birth of Bruce, the principal or first poem, was printed some years ago anonymously, but we believe little effort was made to ensure it that notice to which it is entitled. Of the story into which Mr. Campbell has worked his subject, we say nothing, wishing our readers to have the pleasure of learning it, as it unfolds itself in the perusal. We confess we have seen productions from Mr. Campbell's pen that pleased us better, but it possesses some poetical beauties, which will also be found in the smaller pieces; a short extract from a poem, entitled Maria of Brazil, may perhaps be considered to prove this:—

'As that moment's, oh Love, may such soul-rending pain,
Ne'er revisit this wandering bosom again!
Ah, who can describe when two mutual hearts sever,
And the prospect of each, is to meet again never!

Ah, never! dread word! yes! in Heaven shall my mind

With that angel's of purity ever be join'd!—
There, to endless eternity, Hope tells me, prove
All the joys of the blest, in the mansions of love:—

Where, in joy's endless day we shall gratefully bring

All the incense and sweets, that from faithful loves spring,

And present them in homage to love's gracious king.

As I turn'd from the bow'r where she first tow'rd me drew,

Bade me generously welcome—and now, oh, adieu!

My life's crimson current, as fleet as the wind,
Left my limbs, and collected around my charg'd mind,

Till tears found an outlet to save the swollen heart,

And Reason, urg'd from the place, Love could not part,

Whilst each moment was edg'd with the points of despair

To the wanderer, plung'd in an ocean of care.
Could the objects I pass'd once divert from my mind

The lov'd maiden, I left in dejection behind?
Or sublime scenes of Nature that compass'd me round,

Charm the bosom still fester'd by Love's parting wound?

Or, my prospect, through hope—happy Britain in view,

Make my soul to Maria less faithfully true?

No! in grief still I turn'd, when each day's journey o'er,

To admire the low sun—for it shone on her bower!

And when the bless'd sun I no longer could see,
Oh, the red western clouds still had comforts for me!—

For on them did Maria oft gaze from my arms,
Whilst, enraptur'd they circled an Eden of charms.

Hence it was, when those clouds grew obscure to my sight,

With my soul all accorded—for there it was night!

We ought to observe, that the moral tendency of Mr. Campbell's poems is a strong recommendation to it.

WILLIAMS'S TOUR THROUGH THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA IN 1823.

(Continued from p. 145.)

WE resume our notice of this agreeable and honest volume, for so we really consider it, although the author may by some persons be thought to be too warm an advocate for the masters in our slave colonies; he appears, however, to us to have steered a somewhat middle course, and to describe things, as they are not as it may be wished they should be. The state of ignorance in which the slaves are, may render it politic that they should be prepared for liberty gradually, but there cannot be a doubt of the reluctance—mistaken reluctance, we deem it, of the colonists, to improve the moral condition of their slaves. It may and will be said, perhaps, that they are well fed and not severely worked; but this is treatment which the lower domestic animals claim, and is a point of interest as well as of humanity. We have, however, so often

expressed our opinions on the slave trade, that there is no necessity for our repeating them now; besides we are sure our readers will think us much better employed in giving some further account of Mr. Williams's volume. Our author does not confine himself to any particular object, but appears to have gone to Jamaica determined to know every thing. In travelling towards Maroon Town, he says:—

'As we proceeded through similar defiles, we occasionally arrived at large open pastures, not unlike English parks, where the great bombax and the bread-nut tree were chiefly conspicuous; the first bears the silk-cotton, and has frequently seventy to eighty feet of shaft before it expands into branches, which extend as many feet on every side; a multitude of parasitical plants fix their abode among these, especially the wild pine, so celebrated for furnishing water in droughts; and the long pendulous shoots of the fig-tree and wild vine, called the water-withe, hang from them down to the very ground, like the foliage of a weeping willow, but much more delicate. A yard of this, when of a good thick growth, will furnish half a pint of water, rather astringent, but yet very palatable. The body of the cotton-tree is made into canoes, often capable of holding eight or nine hogsheads of sugar each: once I saw one fifty feet long, and sufficiently large to contain fifty or sixty men. It bears pods at the extremity of the branches as large as a goose's egg, filled with a greyish silky cotton, (enveloping the seeds,) fit for many purposes, especially for making hats: but, to favour the fur trade, the importation of it into England is prohibited. The leaves of the bread-nut tree furnish food for the cattle when the grass is burnt up, and the nuts, as large as small chesnuts, are wholesome and palatable food for man.'

It appears from Mr. Williams's work, that the Moravians are much more popular in the West Indies than the Methodists, who are accused of exciting discontent amongst the negroes. We have already noticed the Christmas amusements of the negroes, we will now quote our author's description of New Year's Day, which is a holiday to these sable people:

'They turned out a little after day-light to show themselves to the overseer, and were again dismissed to prepare for the festivities of the day, which belong to a contest kept up by two parties of the women. I very much suspect this is a remnant of the Adonia mentioned by Plutarch. Each party wears an appropriate colour, one red, the other blue, of the most expensive materials they can afford. They select two queens, the prettiest and best-shaped girls they can find, who are obliged to personate the royal characters, and support them to the best of their power and ideas. These are decorated with the ornaments, necklaces, earrings, bracelets, &c. of their mistresses, so that they often carry much wealth on their persons for the time. Each party has a procession, (but not so as to encounter each other,) with silk flags and streamers, in which the queen is drawn in a phaeton, if such a carriage can be procured, or any four-wheeled vehicle which can pass

for a triumphal car, that her person may be seen to the best advantage. Thus they parade the towns, priding themselves on the number of their followers, until the evening, when each party gives a splendid entertainment, at which every luxury and delicacy that money can procure are lavished in profusion. The only subject of contest or rivalry is the beauty of the queen and the finery of all the individuals. Mirth and good humour prevail throughout, and the evening is concluded with a ball.'

Mr. Williams, though not insensible to the difference of slaves and free men, draws a contrast between the situation of negroes and Irish peasants, much in favour of the former. The following is a description of the interior of a negro cottage, of which our author also gives an engraving:—

'The house is about forty feet long and almost eighteen wide, built of boards and covered with fan-palms, divided into five apartments, of which the principal is eighteen feet square. This is the hall; the other apartments lead from it; three serving for sleeping rooms, and the fourth for a sort of pantry. There is a door at each end of this hall through which the smoke escapes when it is necessary to boil the pot; at no other time is there occasion for fire. When I entered, I saw a negro woman squatting on the floor attending the cookery of her husband's dinner, which was simmering in an iron pot, and consisted of ochro and cocos, picked crabs, and salt fish, with a bit of salt pork. The lady was peeling a few plantains to roast, and the lord of the mansion was inhaling the fumes of tobacco from a short junko pipe, as he lolled at his ease in his hammock, suspended from one of the rafters to within two feet of the floor. There was a substantial deal table in the hall, with four rush-bottom chairs and a wooden bench, over which hung a bunch of corn and a machet or cutlass; above these was a shelf with a range of white plates and a few glasses, and above these hung several pieces of salt fish, and a good bunch of plantains. There was a basket of yams near the table, as if just brought in, and on it a coco-nut shell with a handle, to ladle water or soup. Several tin pans hung from one of the beams, and among them a large net full of cocos. There was an oil-jar in one corner to hold water, and a hoe and a bill-hook in another, beside a large gourd with a hole in it, which serves as a musical instrument, and is called a drum. There was likewise a gombay, and a bonja, which is much like a guitar, and several calabashes were ranged along the beams, containing sugar or coffee. I must not forget to mention three young children, fat and sleek as moles, that were playing about the house and garden, which contained plantain suckers, an alligator pear tree, mangos, two or three coco-nut trees, orange trees, a few coffee bushes, and many other fruits and vegetables, and a pine-apple fence separated it from the adjoining garden. There was a pigstye in one corner, occupied by a sow and her family. This is a portrait of one of the inferior cottages, some of the best having jealousies and piazzas, with terrass

floors. Every garden has a pigstye, and the poultry-roost at a little distance from the house.'

In the course of his tour, our author encounters persons of all colours, and among others, a very charming Quadroon, sixteen years of age, named Diana, who repeated tales like another Scheherazade, and she relates one, which Mr. Williams remarks 'would serve for the two Percies, with the word *Superstition* to characterize the volume they would dignify.' This tale, in order to vary our extracts, we quote:—

'Cato was a runaway from the estate of Mr. Brissett, in Hanover, whence he had absented himself for several years beyond the time allowed by law, and had become liable to the penalty of transportation: in addition to this delinquency, he had rendered himself the terror of the country he frequented, by robberies, either secret and desperate, or as violent as daring. Moreover, the negroes imagined he possessed some magic superiority by means of obeah, which protected him from wounds, and so prepared him against surprise, that he could never be taken prisoner, except, indeed, it were by a white man.'

'This circumstance, in which he believed most religiously himself, operated with his talents and courage to form his safeguard for a number of years, during which his success had rendered him so obnoxious, that it was at length found indispensable to rid the country of his exactions and outrages, by some more efficient exertions for his capture than any hitherto employed.'

'To seize him by numbers was impossible, on account of the intelligence he was clever enough to obtain from his friends on various estates; some few governed by affection for him, the rest by fear of his obeah, or of his vengeance; and no one for a while could be found hardy enough to attack him singly. The white people disdained to undertake the adventure.'

'At length a negro man, a slave, seduced with a promise of liberty, was found willing to make the attempt. His name was Plato. He possessed great strength and courage, and was intimately acquainted with the haunts of the outlaw; circumstances much in his favour, had they not been neutralized in a manner by the apprehension of his obeah; to overcome which it was necessary to find some counter charm, or an equivalent obeah. This the ingenuity of his white master easily communicated to him by Christian baptism.'

'Fortified thus with the hope of freedom and the encouragement of his master, Plato at length sallied forth by moonlight to encounter his enemy, whom he expected to find in his recesses on that account, as wicked deeds shun the light. In spite of his better reason, his apprehensions were sometimes near gaining the mastery of his resolution, and as he walked in silence through the woods, casting a fearful glance at every opening among the trees, and gazing with a fancy of awe, if not of horror, down the deep dingles whose ridges he traversed, he could not repress a sort of foreboding, that, hurried into

one of these abysses, he might perhaps pay with his life for his rashness, and become food for the vultures before noon. Nay, he thought sometimes, that the gift of freedom might become neither more nor less than the sleep of death; and as he imagined to himself the man he had to contend with, he recalled to mind the days of his youth, when he had formerly measured his strength with the stripling now grown into the bold and powerful ruffian. Full of these reflections, uninterrupted except by the croaking of toads, he approached, with stealthy pace, the cave wherein he knew that Cato frequently reposed. The mouth of it was in a great measure concealed by bushes, through which the dull red gleam of some dying embers betrayed that the object of his pursuit had been lately its tenant, if he were not now within. He pushed the bushes gently aside, and looking through the gloom as far as his vision could penetrate, called, in a voice of mingled doubt and authority, whose tone was yet softened by the recollection of ancient friendship—"Cato!"—The sound had scarce escaped his lips before a voice replied, "Who asks for Cato?" and at the instant a figure started up from the ground behind the embers, which shed their sombre glow on his Herculean frame, and gave him the air and colour of a demon ascending from the fiery gulph—"Cato!" said the other, "I come to take you."

'Cato. Are you many? Do you come to catch me in my cave, to take me sleeping, or do you give me loyal battle in the open space?

'Plato. I come to you as one. Come forth and try your strength.

'Cato. Do you swear by your mother that you have no help at hand?

'Plato. Curse on my mother and on me, if I do not tell you true.

'Cato. Plato, I come—where death threatens, you dare not lie.

'With these words the robber came forth, pushing aside the bushes, as the other retired a little to give him free egress. The moon was at the full, and shed such a flood of light, that day could have added little advantage to it for their purpose; but before they proceeded to action, Cato, holding up the amulet suspended from his neck (a bag containing, among other things, bones, teeth, and hair) cried aloud, "While I wear this, Plato, no one can take me." "And I," returned the other, "have also an alpetti, a charm, a better charm—I wear the white man's spell."

'Plato had unsheathed his cutlass as he approached the cave, and his antagonist, brandishing his naked weapon, put himself in a posture of defence, as he defied, (at least in words,) the white man's charm. They fought for some time with more caution than fury, the robber intent on disabling his adversary, rather than on his death; while Plato, fearful of losing any advantage from such a circumstance, sought only an occasion to inflict one blow, being determined that one should be decisive. As they fought with matchets, or cutlasses, whose point a negro seldom thinks of employing, their attack and

defence formed an interchange of cuts, rather than thrusts, easier to parry and not so fatal in their consequence. Nevertheless, they had not long maintained the contest, before Plato was roused into greater passion by a blow he received on his left side, which clattered on his ribs, and had almost struck him off his balance. He repaid it, however, on the head of the robber, where, indeed, his efforts were mostly directed, and the pain of the wound, with the stream of blood flowing down his face, together with the maddening apprehension of his being mortally wounded, rendered him furious as the lion of his native soil. He rushed headlong on his opponent, and rained down on him such a shower of blows, without care or discrimination, that his strength became exhausted before one of the many wounds he inflicted seemed to make any impression on him who wore the white man's spell. He was indeed roused into the ecstasy of rage and madness by the manner in which he was handled, yet, confident still in his charm, he watched an opportunity for the death blow with a patience and perseverance at last fatal to his antagonist. Cato, exhausted and out of breath, dabbled in blood, and foaming with indignation and revenge, having failed in an effort to close, hacking at random, and staggering on the rock made slippery with his blood, received on his neck a blow designed for his decapitation, which cut in two the thong by which his amulet was suspended, and brought him to the ground. Still he was not dead. The conqueror, almost as exhausted, threw himself on the bleeding carcass, and had just time to bind the hands of the ruffian behind him with the severed thong of his alpetti, before he himself fainted from loss of blood, and lay inanimate by his side. It was some time before he recovered from his trance, and the sun had illumined the mountains, and cast the long shadow of the cotton tree over the plains beneath them, before he had regained sufficient strength to raise himself from the earth. Still, finding himself too weak to change his resting place, he leaned against a fragment of rock for support, and taking his conch-shell from the cutacoo which lay beside him, blew a faint yet sufficiently audible note, which announced to his friends below the victory he had gained. The sound echoed among the rocks and gullies, and soon brought to his assistance some persons of his own family, among them his son and brother, preceded by his dog, the faithful associate of his hunting expeditions. These quickly bound up his wounds, as well as those of Cato, who still lived, and assisted both down to the nearest habitation, where the one was received with shouts and acclamations, and the other confined in the hospital preparatory to his trial.

'This took place a few days afterwards. Cato was condemned to death, and preparation made for putting the sentence immediately into execution. He was carried in a cart to the scaffold, and assisted to mount it; from whence, looking round with an undaunted countenance, and espying Plato in the crowd, he begged to be permitted to speak to him. This permission being granted,

and Plato drawing near to the gallows, the victim thus addressed his conqueror:—"By my death, Plato, you have gained your freedom: a little while you shall enjoy it. Before the moon which shone on our matchets in that night of our battle shall rise again as big as it then was, and hide the stars, we shall meet where the white man's alpetti shall be no more worth than mine; and where the Great Master shall say who is the better man. Remember!"—So Cato died.

'The moon waned and grew again, and as the day approached for the completion of Cato's prophecy, so Plato's spirits and confidence declined. Perhaps the prediction itself had inspired that terror which often seems to be its own agent on similar occasions; perhaps it was partly owing to the regrets of former intimacy and friendship; possibly to his wounds; but Plato felt that he was dying, and said from time to time that he saw Cato beckoning him to follow him he knew not where. He sat upright in his hut on his trash mattress on the night of the full moon, and watched its rising above the mountains, until its rays streamed through the lattice of his casement. His mind as well as his body were convulsed at the sight;—he fancied himself again struggling with Cato, fighting, bleeding, fainting; his imagination hurried him to the place of execution; he heard again the awful prediction, the last word of his victim; he shrieked in a transport of horror, "Cato, I remember!"—and expired.'

CELEBRATED TRIALS, &c.

(Concluded from p. 151.)

ONE of the trials in these volumes furnishes a curious instance of the inefficacy of capital punishments, in the case of John Smith, commonly called 'half-hanged Smith,' who was tried for felony, 5th December, 1705, convicted, and sentenced to be executed:—

'While he lay under sentence of death, he made but little preparation for it, buoying himself up with the hopes of a reprieve; but when he found himself disappointed, he was very much incensed against the persons who had undertaken to procure him one.

'When at the place of execution, he desired that all would take warning by his untimely death, which none but himself, by his sins, had brought about; and having performed the usual devotions at the tree, he was turned off, the 12th of December, 1705. After he had been hanging about a quarter of an hour, there was an outcry of a reprieve; upon which he was immediately cut down, and carried to a neighbouring house, where, being presently let blood, he recovered himself, and was taken back to Newgate.

'Being questioned concerning the sensations he experienced while hanging, he gave the following account:—That, when he was turned off, he, for some time, was sensible of a very great pain, occasioned by the weight of his body, and felt his spirits in a strange commotion, violently pressing upwards; that, having forced their way to his head, he, as it were, saw a great blaze or glaring light, which seemed to go out at his eyes with a flash, and then he lost all sense of pain; that, after

he was cut down, and began to recover himself, the blood and spirits having been spent, forcing themselves into their former channels, put him, by a sort of pricking or shooting, into such intolerable pain, that he could have wished those hanged that had cut him down.'

Smith, with returning life, returned to crime, and appeared again at the Old Bailey as a felon; but the prosecutor having died before his trial, he was acquitted. Among the heroes of the Newgate Calendar, Jack Sheppard, the burglar, is, perhaps, one of the most notorious; his exploits are, however, too well known to require our dwelling on them:—

'Sheppard was for a considerable time the common subject of conversation. Seven different histories of his life were published in his time, and several copper-plates, representing the manner of his escapes out of the condemned-hold, and the Castle in Newgate. The principal of the portraits was a mezzotinto, done from the original picture, painted by Sir James Thornhill, on which occasion, the following stanzas were printed in the British Journal of November 28, 1724:—

"Thornhill, 'tis thine to gild with fame
Th'obscure, and raise the humble name;
To make the form elude the grave,
And Sheppard from oblivion save.

"Though life in vain the wretch implores,
An exile on the farthest shores,
Thy pencil brings a kind reprieve,
And bids the dying robber live.

"This piece to latest time shall stand,
And show the wonders of thy hand.
Thus former masters grac'd their name,
And gave egregious robbers fame.

"Apelles Alexander drew,
Cæsar is to Aurellius due,
Cromwell in Lilly's works doth shine,
And Sheppard, Thornhill, lives in thine."

'Sheppard's adventures were dramatized; and, for some time, became the leading subject of many pulpit invectives.'

Of murderers, perhaps there have been few more atrocious than Henry Rogers, always excepting Thurtell:—

'Of all the brutal malefactors that ever existed, Henry Rogers may be accounted the chief: he was by profession a pewterer, residing at a village called Skewis, in Cornwall, and was a man of considerable property, independent of his trade. But a disagreement arising between him and some claimants to property that each considered himself entitled to, they not arranging with themselves, sought the judgment of the law, by a suit in chancery; which, after being carried on to the most expensive and vexatious extent, was decided in favour of Rogers's opponents.

'A writ was issued to take Rogers into custody for a contempt of court, by not surrendering certain property he held, in opposition to its orders. Having heard that every man's house was his castle, and which none dare forcibly enter, he strongly fortified it, making loop-holes for his muskets, and planted them about in a way resembling a place besieged. Here he imagined himself

secure; resisted every remonstrance made by his friends and well-wishers; and, ignorant of the strong power of the law, proceeded to the outrage of shooting two men of the *posse comitatus*, who attended the under-sheriff. Shortly after, he shot one Hitchens as he was passing the high-road on his private business; and, firing through the window, killed one Toby, nor did he suffer his body to be taken away to be buried for some days. At length, the neighbouring justices of the peace assisted the constables, and procured the aid of some soldiers, one of whom he killed, and afterwards made his escape; but at Salisbury, on his way towards London, he was apprehended and conveyed to Cornwall, where, at the assizes, in August, 1735, five bills of indictment were found against him by the grand jury, for the murders aforesaid. To save the court time, he was tried only on three of them, and found guilty of every one, before Lord Chief Justice Hardwick. As he lay in gaol after his condemnation, the under-sheriff coming in, he attempted to seize his sword, with a resolution to kill him; swearing he should die easy if he could succeed in that design. He was attended by several clergymen, but so callous was he, that they could make no impression on his brutal stupidity; and he died at the gallows without the least remorse.

'He was hung, September 1735, at Skewis, where he committed these atrocious murders.'

In the appendix to the third volume, there are some curious details of trials for pretended witchcraft, from which the following are extracts:—

'One of the most infamous perversions of evidence occurred in the trial of the witches of Warbois, before Mr. Justice Fenner, at Huntingdon, in 1593. An old man, his wife, and daughter, were accused of bewitching the five children of a Mr. Throgmorton, several servants, the lady of Sir Samuel Cromwell, and other persons. A confession was obtained, indirectly, from the old woman, who was about fourscore years old, by persuading her to repeat a charm, in a form prescribed to her, on which the children, who were the principal witnesses, immediately came out of the fits, which, as they pretended, were occasioned by her arts. To obtain similar proof, such as it was, against the old man, the judge told him, on his trial, "that if he would not speak the words of the charm, the court would hold him guilty of the crimes he was accused of." After some browbeating, he did repeat it, when the child's fit ceased, and the judge exclaimed: "You see all, she is now well, but not by the music of David's harp; and the poor fellow was condemned, as was his daughter, upon similar evidence. Some bystanders urged the latter to plead pregnancy, as a means of saving her life, or, at least, of deferring her fate. She indignantly replied, "that she never would; for it should never be said, that she was both a witch and a —."

'They were all executed, and their goods, which were of the value of forty pounds, being escheated to Sir S. Cromwell, as lord of the manor, he gave the amount to the mayor

and alderman of Huntingdon, for a rent-charge of forty shillings yearly, to be paid out of their town lands for an annual lecture upon the subject of witchcraft, to be preached at their town, every Lady-day, by a doctor or bachelor of divinity, of Queen's College, Cambridge.'

'JOHN FIEN.

'There shone the sorcerer Fien, of potent power,
The key-keeper of the air's artillery.

'John Fien, (alias Cunningham, alias Dr. Fian,) master of the school of Saltpans, in Lothian, as well as Agnes Sampson, belonging to the East Lothian Company.—"That which is observable in John Fien," says Glanvil, "is, that the devil appeared to him, not in black, but in white raiment; but proposed as hellish a covenant to him, as those fiends that appear in black. As also lying dead two or three hours, and his spirit tane, (as the phrase in the record is;) his being carried or transported to many mountains, and, as he thought, through the world, according to his own depositions. His hearing the devil preach in a kirk in the pulpit, in the night by candle light, the candle burning blue. That in a conventicle, raising winds with the rest, at the king's passage into Denmark, by casting a cat into the sea, which the devil delivered to them, and taught them to cry *hola*, when they first cast it in. His raising a mist at the king's return from Denmark, by getting Satan to cast a thing like a foot-ball, (it appearing to John like a wisp,) into the sea, which made a vapour or reek to arise, whereby the king's majesty might be cast upon the coast of England. His hearing the devil again preach in a pulpit in black, who, after pointed them to graves, to open and dismember the corpse therein; which done, incontinently they were transported without words. His opening locks by sorcery, as one by mere blowing into a woman's hand while he sate by the fire. His raising four candles on the lugs of a horse, and another on the top of the staff of his rider in the night, that he made it as light as day; and how the man fell down dead at the entering within his return home," with several other charges similar to those mentioned in Agnes Simpson's indictment.

'Geillies Duncan, who was his accuser, confessed that he was their clerk or register, and that no man was allowed to come to the devil's writings but he. "After thraving of the doctor's head with a rope, whereat he would confess nothing, he was persuaded by faire means to confesse his follies, but that would prevail as little," till, at length, by dint of exquisite torture, he was compelled to confess any thing; and was then strangled and burnt on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, Jan. 1591.

'"Most of the winter of 1591," says Spotswood, "was spent in the discovery and examination of witches and sorcerers. Amongst these, Agnes Sampson, commonly called the Wise Wife of Keith, was the most remarkable." She confessed, that the Earl of Bothwell had moved her to inquire what should become of the king, &c. Richard Graham, another notorious sorcerer, who was

apprehended at the same time, made the like accusation against Bothwell.

Barbara Napier was convicted, May 8, 1591, for consulting Agnes Sampson, to give help to Dame Jean Lyon, Lady Angus: for which she was worried at a stake, and burned to ashes!

A Tabular System of Instruction in the Grammatical Parts of the English, French, and Italian Languages. By the MISSES WILMSHURST, of Cromwell House, Maldon, Essex.

THE Misses Wilmshurst, it appears, have, for a series of years, devoted their time and attention to the arduous task of tuition, during which period, it is fair to presume, they must have acquired a great insight into the nature and varieties of the human mind, and their plan of instruction, unlike those which are merely visionary or experimental, carries with it the recommendation of having been long actually employed with success. The system now before us consists of five distinct and progressive tables on the English grammar; a table of French verbs made easy for children; a French table, by which may be seen, at one glance, the masculine, feminine, and plural terminations of nouns and adjectives, with a method for learning, with ease, several thousand French words; and a table of Italian verbs, made easy for children. With respect to the English grammar tables, the only novelty they possess, is their being divided into certain numbered portions, corresponding with the figures on a pack of cards, which are to be dealt indiscriminately among a class of scholars, who are then required to give the definitions that answer to the numbers on their respective cards. These definitions are much on the same plan as those contained in the small grammar of the late Lindley Murray, and, indeed, many of them are avowedly borrowed from him. The French tables are accompanied by a small book, containing selections from Hamel's Grammar, and we are of opinion that they may really be of essential service to all who are learning that language. The gender of French nouns, and the formation of the plural and feminine of the adjectives, being points that are very imperfectly understood even by many who have made no inconsiderable progress in their general knowledge of the grammar.

The Original Picture of London, enlarged and improved; being a Correct Guide for the Stranger as well as for the Inhabitant, to the Metropolis of the British Empire; together with a Description of the Environs. Re-edited by J. BRITTON, F.S.A. &c. 18mo. pp. 495. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

WE are not aware, that in the course of our critical labours, we have ever reviewed the twenty-fourth edition of any work, and we should almost as soon think of writing a critique on the London Directory, as on the Picture of London, which cannot but be extremely well known to the public before whom it has been about a quarter of a century. In works of which a new edition is published

almost annually, the editors do not always keep pace with the time, and we believe this was the case with the Picture of London. It has now, however, been placed in the hands of a gentleman who possesses not only the information, but the necessary industry for such a work, and the consequence is, that the present edition of the Picture of London is very much improved. Mr. Britton has published more than one volume on the metropolis before, and proved his qualification for the task; in the present instance, he has almost entirely re-written, and wholly re-arranged the volume, and has taken every pains to procure details the most accurate; hence the work is a faithful description of this great city, and an excellent guide to all that is interesting in it. It is also a good readable book, and the introduction, containing a brief view of the recent improvements in London, as well as the historical retrospect, are worthy of attention. The volume is illustrated with maps, and numerous engravings of the principal objects in the metropolis.

Deism Refuted; or, Plain Reasons for being a Christian. By THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, M.A. 12mo. pp. 245. London, 1826. Cadell.

THIS very excellent work has now reached a seventh edition, and that, too, in a short period: in its progress to this honour it has gradually augmented in size. The original plan of this work, which is the most concise, yet at the same time the most complete refutation of deism perhaps ever written, the amiable and accomplished author has selected "those evidences only in attestation of the truth of the Christian religion, which, by having their united strength drawn into a narrow compass, might make a permanent impression on the minds of his readers. He has since added other arguments, and rendered the work a comprehensive summary of the evidences of the genuineness, authenticity, credibility, and divine inspiration of the sacred volume." Mr. Horne is neither a hypocrite nor an enthusiast, but an enlightened scholar, who would not advance a single argument, as a Christian, that he could not defend as a logician; and we believe no sceptic will read his little volume "Deism Refuted," without feeling, if he does not exclaim, in the words of Felix, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian;" while to many others it cannot fail of carrying home the firmest conviction.

ORIGINAL.

INDICATIONS OF SPRING—SUNDAY PLEASURE-TAKERS IN TOWN.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Neither distress, misfortune, nor even sickness, will prevent the English from enjoying their portion of happiness which the promise of the season brings in the unfading and undying productions of Nature. Whatever may be the opinions of some writers, that a Sunday in England, and particularly in the metropolis, is heavy and irksome, compared with that of France, because of its frivolities; that of Spain, because of its bull-

bait; and that of Lisbon, because of its orange promenades; I conceive that almost every class of his Majesty's liege subjects seeks its abstract enjoyment, and scarcely seeks it in vain. The livery-stable keepers are on the alert at cock-crowing, and the glass-coach, the post-chaise, the gig, and the saddle-horse, are ordered, prepared, and wait in turn for their respective votaries for a Sunday's hire; but of all the seasons of the year, spring calls forth the most life and attractive beauty. After the monotonous fogs of winter, and their attendant chill and dirt are gone, and as soon as the sun looks over the fields, which are becoming green and crowned with occasional daisies, hedges and trees are budding, and the wild herbs and grasses are spreading over their natural banks and waters, it is very beneficial that the mind should feel desirous of exhilaration. Thus jaunts are arranged by the willing. Families and friends, lovers and children, are collected. Some bachelors and old maids call them crosses, plagues, troublesome, intruders!—others are not happy, unless teased by them, as the discords which make the harmony occasionally the sweeter. The Macadamized state of the roads and increase of buildings are further inducements, however, for the pursuits of external pleasure, since the impediments population has thrown in the way, are such as to require more courage for distant excursions than formerly.

Mechanics, nothing daunted, drag through the four points, from the spots of their daily toil, and take the half-way house for their central and exclusive privilege. Turnpike men are on the alert; inexperienced horsemen, (boys,) are mounted, and they often pay double toll; stages draw up to their known places of call; gay dressed folks mount; the inside of the coach is crammed, (a luxury on a hot day!) and when an unlimited number is safely on the top of the coach, the wheels rattle over the stones, and drop the passengers one by one, till half London is in the country. Meanwhile the parks are peopled by all sorts: some for the sake of losing a morning's ennui; some for the hearing the bands and seeing the soldiers parade in their best regimentals; others for an opportune stroll, and a rest in a park chair, for observation and concern. Exchange of scene and circumstance will do wonders for the body and mind. Doctors acknowledge it, however defeating to their practice. Although punctilious observers of the sabbath condemn every species of recreation, by a timely and innocent spending it, there cannot be very weighty objections, considering that few are the people who can spare one hour from the days of labour for a friendly visit or a mile's walk. Jew boys and Jewesses have taken up their stations with the prevailing commodities, oranges are rubbed into glossy rinds, and sticks are ranged along the sunny wall, if the gold-lace authority should not interfere. Fishermen and gun sportsmen have long set out with their elements of destruction for noted haunts. Fowlers, with their snares at their backs, seek seductive plats of ground. Irish labourers, after mass, resume their ankle-dreading

amusement of foot-ball, near Copenhagen House. Now the publicans' gardens are trimmed, and all is set in order for a fresh campaign; the thoroughfares are thronged by people jostling, and not unfrequently taking off each other, as they go on their way. Many are going to church; many to meeting; most with views of lengthening life by the cheerful sky and healthy air; here a funeral is approaching the churchyard to the call of the bell; there is a party come from the steam packet, with boxes and bundles at their heels, calling and quibbling with a jarvie. In one place, the placards of newspapers are exhibited for choice and sale; at another place, young ladies and their beaux are assembling for a water party. Flowers are now shown in fruit shops; hyacinths and the graceful narcissus bend faintly over the blinds of genteel parlour windows; the bridges are full of passengers, who peep now and then over the ever-active Thames; sailors take a cruise into St. Paul's, they view the monuments with curious gaze, while the organ sounds under the naves of the marvellous nest of the greatest Wren that ever built so sacred an edifice.

The afternoon and evening are equally inducing for quiet and that tone of sociality which pervades society in a time of peace. Citizens are liberal, servants are good humoured, and artisans spend their last shilling with true British feeling. Like sailors, they trust for the future, complaining of high prices and scarcity of business with the difficulties of the times. Newspaper chat, literary confabs, musical evening parties, popular preachers, devotional lecturers, (perhaps, sometimes, curtain lectures,) country friends, social engagements, improving conversations, and serious coteries, severally and collectively unite. In a word, the pleasures of spring are evinced in a fine degree by the young, the middle-aged, the old, the affluent, the poor, the industrious, and the serious. Members of Parliament make short excursions; even editors steal a trip from their lamps and laborious duties, by which I am reminded to drop my pen.

March, 1826.

THE MENAGERIE AT EXETER 'CHANGE
NOTWITHSTANDING the great sacrifice which the proprietor of this establishment has been obliged to make, by putting to death the noble animal whose fate has excited so much attention, we doubt whether, on the whole, he will be any loser in a pecuniary point of view; for we are certain that the circumstance has done more to make his menagerie a topic of conversation, than if he had advertised it in every newspaper in the British dominions for a whole twelvemonth. All the sight-loving public, and many who would never have cared to see the elephant himself, will now flock to see the den. Country visitors will certainly not omit the opportunity, and Mr. Cross will act wisely in keeping up the popular interest, by letting it remain in *statu quo*. We think, too, that it would be far more advantageous to him to retain the bones himself, and exhibit the enormous skeleton in the very place where the animal per-

rished; as the identity of situation could not fail to add considerably to the interest of such a specimen of osteology; and there, too, it would be accessible by every one, which will not be the case, should it be transferred to any museum.

Having thrown out this hint to the proprietor, we will make a few remarks on the locality of this menagerie. Except in as far as it is situated in one of the most frequented quarters of the metropolis, and in a central spot, a more improper place could hardly have been selected, it being in a particularly confined and narrow part of the Strand; where there is certainly great danger to be apprehended from fire. And in the latter case, were any of the adjoining buildings to catch fire, the mischief that might ensue is almost incalculable, should the flames at all extend to the exchange, which seems in such a dilapidated and ruinous state, and so little calculated to resist them, that a very short time would suffice for its utter destruction. But independently of the danger to be apprehended from an accident of this nature, a confined crowded neighbourhood is by no means the most suitable for a building requiring complete ventilation; not only for the health of the animals confined there, but also to prevent any of that offensive closeness which must otherwise inevitably occur in such places.

A permanent menagerie ought not only to be detached from all other buildings, placed in an airy situation and well ventilated, but be skilfully planned, with a view to its peculiar purpose. Such a building, it is obvious, ought to be most substantially constructed; should be fire-proof, well provided with water, and have apartments of different degrees of temperature, so as to suit as nearly as may be the natural climate of the various animals. The tamer ones might be kept loose in open courts; and even some of the more ferocious might occasionally be suffered to range in a court immediately communicating with their dens; and in this court there might be an open portico or corridor, for spectators, at such a height from the ground as to be perfectly secure. Had poor Chunee been confined in a spacious covered court, or hall, of this description, there would have been no necessity to destroy him, as he could neither have endangered the building, nor made his escape. It must be confessed, however, that a complete menagerie of this kind could not be formed by any private individual, but by government only. Still much may be effected by private speculation, and we hope that, when the menagerie is removed from Exeter 'Change, which it certainly will be ere long, it will be disposed in a comparatively well-constructed building—and where, instead of being in an upper room, the animals will be on the ground floor.

THE PANICS OF 1793 AND 1825-6.

CONSISTENCY is not usually ranked among the virtues of politicians, and it is therefore not surprising that we find individuals, and even parties, changing sides, as may suit their purpose; as for parties, they are like a flock of sheep, which, however nume-

rous, always follow their leader. An instance of this consistency, or rather inconsistency, of the Whigs, occurs relative to the panics of 1793 and 1825-6; in the latter, it is known that ministers refused to make any advance of exchequer bills for the relief of commercial distress, but wished, and indeed succeeded in inducing the Bank of England to render the assistance; this measure has been sadly abused by the Whigs, who asserted, that the best mode was an advance of exchequer bills, and in this we are disposed to agree with them; all we now want to show is, how easily this party can change sides, for, during the commercial embarrassments of 1793, the ministers of the day proposed an advance of exchequer bills, when the Whigs of the day contended that the only proper mode of relief was through the Bank of England. It may, however, be instructive to take a view of the events of 1793, when the war of France, recently commenced, had caused a sudden stagnation of trade, and disappointed the immense speculations into which the merchants and manufacturers had entered; a general paralysis had seized the country, bankruptcies were numerous, and public confidence was much shaken:—

'About this period, the frequency of bankruptcies in London and the principal trading towns in England had, as was already intimated, caused almost a general stagnation of commercial credit. To apply a remedy to this alarming evil, several of the principal traders and merchants waited upon the chancellor of the exchequer, who promised them every assistance in his power. A select committee of the House of Commons was accordingly appointed, to take the evidence and opinion of commercial gentlemen upon this subject.

'On Monday, the 29th of April, the report of this select committee was brought up by Mr. Chancellor Pitt. It detailed the information given by different gentlemen who attended the committee for that purpose; all agreeing that some speedy means should be devised to support the general commercial credit of the country by public aid. It stated that it would be necessary, for that purpose, to issue exchequer bills for five millions, at an interest of twopence halfpenny per cent. per day, &c. &c.'

The chancellor of the exchequer then read a report from the commercial world, which represented the state of affairs in the most gloomy colours. When Mr. Pitt had moved that the report be printed:—

'Mr. Jekyll observed, that the state of credit was alarming indeed, and he could not help thinking that there was some degree of blame on those who had the care of the executive government, with respect to the cause of that melancholy report which had been just read to the house—a report which he considered as the knell of our commerce. Late as this remedy came, he trusted it would be the best that could be applied in the present nature of things; but it did not seem, at first view, the most respectable proceeding, for government to take in pledges like a common pawnbroker, nor would it add to the national dignity to have three blue balls at

the door of the commissioners who were to act under the proposed plan.

'Mr. Fox warned that house and the public, that there ought to be a considerable degree of confidence as to the good effect of such a measure before it should be adopted. If the executive government is to interfere in such a case, may it not prove the beginning of a system of which it is impossible to see the end? If the sum now proposed to be raised should be found to be insufficient, are you to stop, or to proceed? He confessed he felt a reluctance to a measure so novel and important.

'On Tuesday, the 30th of April, the report of the select committee was taken into consideration.

'Mr. Pitt said he should not enter into any argument; but, referring to the report on the table, which he trusted gentlemen had carefully considered, moved, "That his Majesty should be enabled to direct that exchequer bills to the amount of five millions be issued to certain commissioners, to be by them laid out under regulations and restrictions, for the assistance and accommodation of such persons as may apply, and who shall give to such commissioners proper security for the sums that may be advanced, for a time to be limited."

'Mr. Francis said that he should take the liberty of asking the chancellor of the exchequer, for what reason the directors of the Bank of England had not been invited to undertake the management and distribution of the relief proposed to be given to the commerce and credit of individuals? why it had not been formally proposed to them to carry into execution a measure, with the objects of which they had, from their situation, and from the conduct of their own business, a natural and necessary connection, and must, of course, possess knowledge and information superior to any that could be found in a board of commissioners newly appointed by parliament? He added, that the business proposed to be done by the commissioners, was in effect what the Bank was now doing every day.

'Mr. Fox feared that the reason why the application to the Bank was unsuccessful, would not be very proper to induce the public to adopt the measure. This mode, he said, was opening a path to the most dangerous patronage; did the committee see the extent of the power which this might give to the executive government? He asserted, that the present ruinous war was the cause of the present failures, but as he had exerted himself to prevent that calamity he had done his duty.'

Such was the opposition which a measure then proposed encountered, but which the same party now so strongly recommends.—The secret of all this is, that in both cases, the Whigs opposed the ministers. When will this unprincipled party-feeling have an end?

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LETTERS OF MALAGROWTHER.

THE letters of Sir Walter Scott on the subject of the Currency, under the signature of

Malachi Malagrowther, which we noticed in our last and a preceding number, have, as we expected, attracted much attention, and the serious mood of the writer has drawn on him some ridicule; indeed it is absurd enough to talk of England meditating the ruin of Scotland, by giving her a metallic for a paper currency, and it savours somewhat of treason to hint that the drawing of claymores may be necessary to resist the direful innovation. Several letters have appeared in the London and Scottish newspapers, in answer to Malachi, and in one of them, *The Scotsman*, addressed to the writer, he is told that his letters libel his past life and conversation. 'How many grievances,' says the same writer to Malachi or Sir Walter Scott, 'have visited your native country and city during the last thirty years, while you have been silent. And when a *bellum punitum*, or ignoble "rag-war" was to be waged, could no other leader be found but you—the type of chivalry, and mirror of loyalty, the rose and expectancy of anti-jacobinism? Your bravery I do not doubt, but the best part of valour is discretion. For twenty long years you have preached a modern version of Sir Robert Filmer's doctrines of passive obedience; and all at once I find you adopting the inflammatory language of a radical.'

Again, still addressing Malachi, alias Sir Walter, the writer continues:—

'Scotland, you think, has been injured and contumeliously treated; but—spirits of Bruce and Wallace! what are her wrongs? Hear them, my indignant countrymen, and let your blood rise! England, treacherous England, has reformed your courts of law, lopped off your supernumeraries from your revenue boards, taken away the flag officer at Leith, reduced the military staff, and diminished the army to such a trifle that there is hardly a decent pretext for having a general officer in the country!! Ah! Sir Malachi, here I desecrate the cloven foot. It needs but half an eye to see, that the master grievance in your judgment is the reduction of a number of sinecures, for what else were our junior commissioners of customs and excise, our flag and staff-officers?'

The writer then insinuates, that the object of the letters of Malachi is to induce the Scotch to join in a clamour, 'to expel from the cabinet, men whom they have so many reasons to thank as benefactors.'

It is not by the press that replies to Malachi, alias Sir Walter, are made, his letters have been noticed in the senate. In the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on Monday evening last, in bringing forth the budget, he thus alluded to the absurd clamour of the said Malachi:—

'It is not,' said the right honourable gentleman, 'the easiest task in the world to effect reforms. There are many prejudices to be overcome—many interests to be interfered with, and a great many deeply-rooted habits to be broken in upon; and I cannot give a better proof of the sort of feelings excited by changes of this description, than is furnished by referring to those sentiments which have been published to the world in the northern part

of this island. It seems that the extinction of the two independent boards of customs and excise in Scotland, and the amalgamation of them with like establishments in England, is to be considered by every true Scot as derogatory to the dignity of his country—an affront to national pride—and as subversive of all the public rights of the Scottish nation! The tone taken on this occasion is not very dissimilar from that taken by Antony over the body of Cæsar. It reminds me, at least, of the beautiful but mournful speech which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of his hero—

"O what a fall was there, my countrymen;
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us."

I say, the appeal of Mark Antony was not more vehemently made; his resentment of Cæsar's death was not more pointedly directed against those who caused it, than is the resentment of this writer against the author of that measure, which had for its object the transfer of two miserable and insignificant fiscal departments from one part of the United Kingdom to another. When I heard such charges made against his Majesty's government, I felt, indeed, like some guilty person who had done some heinous act, like one oppressed by the weight of some undefined crime; I hardly dared to look into the face of my noble Scottish friend, the first lord of the Admiralty—nor should I have ventured to do so, were I conscious of having inflicted any wrong upon Scotland. I beg my friends to know, that I have flowing in my veins some Scotch blood, and good old blood too, and can never without reproach feel insensible to the honour and character of Scotland; and when I pass in review the signal triumphs of her race, the benefits she has conferred upon the human kind by her precept and her example, I have always been led to think, that the origin of her high moral station, the deserved admission of her great fame, was to be found in the genius of her historians, the eloquence, the accuracy, and the resources of her poets, the elaborate lucubrations and the profound discoveries of her philosophers; when I watched her progressive flight in the regions of fancy, when I beheld her soundings in the depth of history, I had hoped that her real glories were unshorn, and never before has it been suggested to me that among the stable works of her immortality were to be reckoned and included these rotten fiscal boards so lately removed from Edinburgh to London. When enumerating her Abercrombies, her Moores, her Lynedochs, and her Hopetowns, I never thought of coupling with them the obscure functionaries of a civil department. When, two years ago, it fell to my lot to move the erection of a monument to the memory of Lord Duncan, I never dreamed that the honour of Scotland would be tarnished by transferring the seat of the Board of Customs from Edinburgh to London. I thought that the honour of Scotland rested on a more solid basis. I thought that the real glory of that country would have shone with perennial light, if the excise had never meddled with its whisky, nor the customs

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controlled its commerce. I thought that the lustre of the national fame would not have been dimmed, though both these wretched fiscal boards had been swallowed up—oh woeful catastrophe!—in the all-devouring vortex of English uniformity.—When I am told that the abolition of these offices is something disrespectful to the impoverished nobility of that country, I feel that if I were a mere Scotchman I should be too proud to admit that the ancient lineage of that ancient kingdom could consider themselves disparaged because government have less patronage to offer and they less emolument to covet. These measures, dictated alone by the necessity of reform and retrenchment, have been held up as punishments wantonly inflicted on innocent and unoffending Scotland, and her wrath has been denounced against their author; but as long as I can enjoy the consolation, while performing my public duty, that I am engaged in diminishing the burthens and increasing the happiness of the people, I shall look without terror on the flashing of the Highland claymore, though it be evoked from its scabbard by the incantations of the first magician of the age."

This speech was frequently interrupted by cheers from all parts of the house. Among the daily papers which have taken up the cudgels on this doughty question, is *The Morning Chronicle*, which on Thursday gave birth to the following smart effusion:—

'RAGOMANIA.

"*Quis talia fando, &c.*"—VIRG.

'What means that scream and horrid yell?
That shriek from northern hill and dell?
What dire ill-omen'd tongue shall tell
The fearful news;
What power arrest the threaten'd knell
Of *ones* and *twos*?

'Like wounded snake we writhe and sprawl,
Like worm in filth and dust we crawl;
Monsters! if ye reject the call
And howling moans
Of *twos*, yet hear the piteous squall
Of little *ones*.

'Mark how the callous mongrel robs
Our land of sinecures and jobs!
And now the savage picks our fobs
Of Tory notes!
What next, but send his Saxon *Hobs*,
To cut our throats!

'Not e'en that ruthless firebrand, *Knox*,
Nor frantic covenanting *Blocks*,
Nor monks and Cromwells' blows and mocks,
So sorely gall'd us;
Nor Colin-more, that canting fox
So sadly thrall'd us!

'Oh! for Bothwell Bridge anew,
And *Sharpe* to cut the Whiggish crew,
And *Clavers*, with his bonnets blue,
To tear and slash them!
And *York*, with thumbikin and screw,
To crush and smash them!

'S'blood! no longer we'll implore
Their grace; we're rebels as of yore;
Sound trump and bagpipe, flash claymore!
O'er vales and crags!
For *sovereigns* now we fight no more—
We fight for *rags*!"

Thus it will be seen that Malachi catches it at all hands.

NÉCROLOGY.

GENERAL GIOVANNI DANERO.

D. Giovanni Danero, captain-general of the Royal Marine, knight of the illustrious orders of St. Januarius and St. Ferdinand, Knight Grand Cross of the illustrious orders of S. Giorgio delle Riunione, and of the Conception of Spain, was born at Cadiz, on the 20th of Sept. 1724. From his infancy he was destined to the profession of arms, and while a mere child was appointed cadet in the royal marine of Philip V. He embarked on board a vessel commanded by his father, and was at the taking of Oran, and the conquest of the two Sicilies, in 1734. He passed into the Neapolitan service, and was appointed guardia marina in 1736; alfiere (something like a midshipman) of a sloop in 1742; alfiere of a vessel in 1743; lieutenant of a sloop in 1750; lieutenant of a vessel in 1754; captain di alto bordo (full captain) in 1770; brigadier in 1785; marshal di campo in 1790; lieutenant-general in 1797; and captain-general in 1815; in which situation he died on the 5th of January, 1826, in the hundred-and-second year of his life, and the ninety-third year of his actual service.

When alfiere he had the command of some xebecs against the Barbary states, which at that time much infested the Mediterranean, and obtained much credit for his exertions against them, as also for the judicious measures he took to keep the plague, which then ravaged Messina, from the Calabrian coast. After this, he travelled a great deal in France, Spain, and Great Britain.

In 1779 he was appointed president of Calabria Citra, where his government was much liked. In 1783, he was of the greatest assistance to the unfortunate people who fled from the earthquakes of Calabria Ultra into his province. After governing them for ten years, he was sent, much to the regret of the Calabrians, to Messina, as military and political governor. Here he exerted himself successfully to repair the ravages of the earthquake, and to relieve the distresses of the people under his charge, particularly during an epidemic which broke out at the Torre de Faro, and adjacent villages, when he sold even his plate to distribute the money among the poor. So liberal was he in his donations, that it is recorded to his honour, that when, in 1800, he was called to Palermo, being appointed president of the junta of generals, he was obliged to borrow money to pay the expenses of his journey.

In 1806 he was with the royal family when they were obliged to leave Naples, and he accompanied them in an old Ragusan sloop. A violent tempest came on in the passage, which made every other vessel put back to Naples; but the old sailor took the command of his sloop on himself, and got it into Palermo. He was at this time 82.

In 1808 he was appointed a second time governor of Messina, and the people came out in crowds to hail his return. His situation here was not easy. He had to watch the movements of an enemy on the neighbouring shore, and that enemy a very active one. In 1810 a descent was made, and the old

governor put himself at the head of the volunteers, who flocked about him; he distinguished himself by great personal intrepidity. His followers, says the Neapolitan paper, 'united to the English troops,' beat off the enemy, and made several prisoners. There is something diverting in the parenthetical way in which this *union* is introduced. His attention to the English procured for him a present from George III. of a sword, which highly gratified him. On the return of the royal family he was appointed captain-general.

He preserved his indefatigable activity to the last. On the 20th of September last, the anniversary of his 101st birth-day, he entertained the King and Queen of Naples, the Duke of Calabria, and a distinguished cortege, at dinner, and proposed doing the same at the next occasion of the same kind. It was not destined to come. He had a pulmonary attack on the 4th of December, and it carried him gently to the grave on the 5th of January. The sword which our king had given him, he left to the Duke of Calabria, and it was presented to him by the Abbate Vitale, whom Danero had made his heir. The duke received it graciously, and presented the abbate with a gold snuff-box, set with his cypher in diamonds.

It was his own wish that he should be buried privately, but the king over-ruled it. His body lay in state on the 7th and 8th, and was buried with the greatest military and civil honours, at the foot of the altar of the church Delle Vittoria.

MARSHAL SUCHET, DUKE OF ALBUFERA.

LOUIS GABRIEL SUCHET, the son of a silk manufacturer at Lyons, was born in the year 1772. In 1792, having received a good education, he entered into the army as a volunteer. At Toulon, he was an officer in the battalion by which General O'Hara was taken prisoner. He was in nearly all the battles fought in Italy during the campaigns of 1794, 1795, and 1797, and was thrice wounded, once dangerously. In the last of these campaigns, Bonaparte made him chef de brigade on the field of battle. In 1798, having borne a distinguished part in the campaign against the Swiss, he was sent to Paris with twenty-three standards taken from the enemy. He was then made general of brigade. He was on the point of proceeding with the expedition to Egypt, when he was suddenly retained to restore discipline and confidence in the army of Italy. In consequence of a quarrel with the commissioners of the Directory, Suchet was compelled to return hastily to France to vindicate his conduct. He was afterwards sent to the army of the Danube, at the head of which he exerted himself in defending the country of the Grisons. Joubert, his friend, having been entrusted with the command of the army of Italy, Suchet joined him as general of division and chief of his staff; appointments which he continued to hold under Moreau and Championnet, after the death of Joubert. Massena, who succeeded Championnet, made him second in command. At the head of a feeble division of not seven thousand men,

he long held at bay five times the number of Austrian forces under Melas, contested the Genoese territory inch by inch, retired unbroken behind the Var, set the enemy at defiance, saved the south of France from invasion, and facilitated the operations of the army of reserve, advancing from Dijon to cross the Alps. When, in consequence of the march of Bonaparte, the Austrians commenced their retreat, he followed in their track, harassed them incessantly, took fifteen thousand prisoners, and, by compelling Melas to weaken his army to oppose him, contributed powerfully to the victory of Marengo. In the short campaign subsequently to the armistice, he took four thousand prisoners at Pozzolo, and shared in all the battles that were fought. In 1803, he commanded a division at the camp at Boulogne. He was named a member of the legion of honour on the 11th of December, 1803, grand officer of that body in 1804; and governor of the imperial palace at Lacken in 1805. At Ulm, Hollabrun, and Austerlitz, in 1805—at Saalfeld and Jena, in 1806—at Pultusk, in 1807—he greatly contributed to the success of the French arms. In 1806, Bonaparte gave him the grand cordon of the legion of honour, with an endowment of 20,000 francs; and in 1808, he raised him to the dignity of a count of the empire. The King of Saxony also nominated him a commander of the military order of St. Henry.

Suchet was now sent to Spain, and placed at the head of the army of Arragon. In 1809 he defeated Blake at Belchite; in 1810 he reduced Lerida, Mequinenza, Tortosa, Fort San Felipe, Montserrat, Tarragona, and Saguntum—routed O'Donnell at Margalef, and Blake before Saguntum—and formed the siege of Valencia. The fall of that fortress crowned the labours of this campaign, and obtained for him the title of Duke of Albufera, and possession of the estate of that name. He had previously, at the capture of Tarragona, received the marshal's staff. In 1813, the command of the united armies of Arragon and Catalonia having been confided to him, he compelled Sir John Murray to raise the siege of Tarragona. In November, he was named Colonel-general of the Imperial Guards, in the room of the Duke of Istria. Notwithstanding the progress of Lord Wellington in France, Suchet kept his ground in Catalonia for the purpose of collecting the eighteen thousand men who garrisoned the fortresses, and also for retarding the progress of the allies.

Receiving intelligence of the abdication of Bonaparte, he acknowledged Louis XVIII. as his sovereign. Several honours, amongst which was that of his being named one of the peers of France, were conferred on him by the restored monarch. On the return of Bonaparte, he accepted a command under his old master to repel the allies. At the head of the army of the Alps, consisting of only ten thousand men, he beat the Piedmontese, and shortly after the Austrians. The advance of the grand Austrian army, however, one hundred thousand strong, compelled him to fall back on Lyons; but he saved that city from plunder by capitulation, and with it ar-

tillery stores, to the value of half a million sterling. On the same day that the capitulation was signed, he again submitted to Louis XVIII. He received the grand cross of the legion of honour, in 1816; and, in 1819, his name was replaced on the list of peers.

For some time previous to his decease the Duke of Albufera had been principally at Marseilles. He had been afflicted nearly two years with a severe and painful disorder. In the few moments during the last four days of his life in which he was sensible, he made his will, in full possession of his faculties. In the evening of the 2nd of January, having recovered from a state of delirium, he confessed and received the extreme unction. The remainder of the night he was calm and composed; but, after seven in the morning of the 3rd, he did not again become sensible, and expired.—*Monthly Magazine*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CAPTURE.*

'Twas the midnight hour when the traitor bade
His country's foe adieu,
And broken gleams of moonlight played
The tangled forest through;
And the autumnal breeze, in gentle sighs,
The twinkling foliage fanned,
While love seemed bending from the skies
To bless a peaceful land.

Ill-fated chief! youth on thy brow,
And glory in thy heart!
Fame smiles, rejoicing o'er thee, now—
Oh, haste not to depart!
A voice comes from the wild wood dim,
But it breathes no mighty prayer—
And a thousand living shadows swim—
Lo! war and death are there!

Hark to the sound of the measured tread!
See'st thou yon sudden gleam?
Stern hearts are where that flash is shed—
Yon white tents are no dream!
Thy path lies through a host of men,
Whose souls are in their swords;
And a cross of shame stands in that glen—
They heed no gentle words!

Oh! gallant is thy proud array,
But souls as proud as thine,
Like meteor lights, around thy way
In gloom of battle shine;—
Beware the scathe of their patriot ire;
Though the traitor gives thee scope;
Beware the blaze of the beacon-fire,
Or thou hast no further hope!

On, on the British warrior goes,
And the traitor bids God speed!
Through the battle line of his slumbering foes,
Young hero! take good heed!
The woods are silent, but life is there,
And the weapons of war are round;
And a lone far cry sings on the air—
Thou'rt on forbidden ground!

'Who rides so late?'—Three warriors dart
From the wild wood's covert dun—
And fear sinks on the hero's heart,
For his course is almost run!
'Give out the watch-word!' raised on high,
The bayonets gleam around,
And their tall dark forms, against the sky,
Shape out the warrior's bound.

* Of Major André.

The noble heart scorns all disguise,
And cannot wear a lie,
And the victim paused, 'neath those dim skies,
Yet uttered no reply;—
He marched to death with a fearless brow,
And his sternest foe passed on
With a tearful eye and a footstep slow,
Where the deed of shame was done.

Each chieftain looked, and turned away
In shuddering grief and fear—
Eyes that had flashed in the slaughtering fray
Grew dim and shadowy here;
For a moment's lapse, each panting breath
Was heard amid the crowd—
Then the platform fell—and the groan of death
Rose fearfully, wild, and loud. L. P.

THE DAISY.

'Thou hast not gone without thy fame;
Thou art indeed, by many a claim,
The poet's darling!'—WORDSWORTH.

EMBLEM of meekness, unto thee
I still my eyes will turn;
For, in thy steadfast course, I see
Something to learn.

When winter frowns, and clouds do lower,
And storms drive through the sky;
The same thou art, and all their power
Thou dost defy.

When summer suns do gild the scene,
And all around is gay;
Thou art unchang'd, and all serene
Hold'st on thy way.

In stately park, or lowly cot,
No change to thee comes nigh;
The same thou art, whate'er thy lot—
The day's eye!

Some wisdom I would from thee learn,
As I hold on my way;
And to some good thy charms would turn,
From day to day.

When friends grow cold, or turn my foes,
And sneer as I pass by;
My meekness shall their frowns oppose,
And them defy.

Should fortune, with her summer smile,
Display her brightened face;
May I hold on, unsway'd by guile,
A steadfast pace.

Whatever be my varied lot—
Riches or poverty;
May I ne'er swerve from truth, one jot,
Till lauded, where change cometh not,
Upon eternity! O. N. Y.

FINE ARTS.

WINDSOR.

The alterations in the castle are going on so rapidly that it is now expected his Majesty may reside in the new apartments next winter. The whole of the east front has been thrown into a suite of rooms for the King's personal use, and most noble as well as comfortable apartments they will constitute. They consist of a small and most delightful octagon dining-room, 27 feet by 27, in the tower at the north-east angle; a dining-room 60 feet by 30 in breadth and 30 in height, with a very large bay window. This will be every way a most regal chamber. The great drawing-room; the library; both of these are very large rooms with bay windows, the latter has two fire-places, one in

the bow; the King's own drawing-room, study, wardrobe, bed-chamber, secretary's apartment, &c.; all these are in one line communicating with each other, and with the new corridor (which runs the whole length of the private apartments); the dining-room and great drawing-room open also on the musical saloon. The corridor is a very noble gallery, 500 feet in length, but, I think, unfortunately, the shape of the building has compelled Mr. Wyattville to make one or two curves in the course of it; this is beautiful in a street, but I like avenues and galleries, which are gothic pieces of grandeur to keep their gothic form. However, when the roof, which is covered with coats-of-arms in stucco, is painted in wainscot, picked out with blazon, and the walls are relieved by pictures, and other furniture; and, above all, when there is some painted glass in the windows, there can be no question the effect of this corridor (which may be, I think, 20 feet in height and 25 in breadth) must be magnificent and imposing in the extreme. There are three staircases by which this corridor is reached: one for visitors, leading to the drawing-room and that part of the suite; the King's private staircase (which will be a most exquisite specimen of architectural beauty) at the south-east angle; and, in the middle of the south wing, a third, separate and distinct for the use of the officers and the household, or any other friends who may happen to be staying with the King. This part of the new arrangement demands special praise. There are, in fact, seven or eight most comfortable private residences, each complete, (with kitchen, &c.) within itself, and yet each and all opening in the principal floor on the great corridor of the palace. Across that corridor at the front, where the King's personal apartment commences, a glass screen and curtain are drawn, so that facility of access is united with most complete privacy when desired. It is said that there is to be a flower-garden opposite the east front, enclosed within a wall and buildings, and that the east terrace, with this garden, are to be kept sacred from public gaze while the King is in the castle, the north terrace being left open at all times for their use. This seems highly desirable, as at present it would be impossible for his Majesty to get out of doors without being at once in the view of all the world, which nobody can think comfortable in a residence.

The Round Tower has, at present, quite lost effect from the elevation of the other building, but the flag must not float from an humbled staff, and there is every expectation that the foundations of the old keep of Edward III. are strong enough to admit of twenty or thirty feet of additional height being given to its walls.

When Mr. Wyattville has done with the private residence, there is little doubt he will be called on to take the state apartments in hand. The entrance to them is in the worst taste, and altogether inconvenient besides; and having no claims to antiquity to balance these defects, will, I hope, meet with no mercy. The whole suite is in a most shabby and sombre state, but its majestic extent, and the Vandykes and Lelys alone render it im-

posing even as it is. Mr. W. will, no doubt, make this one of the finest suite of rooms in Europe, and I hope he will continue to do so without interfering with the character of Queen Elizabeth's Gallery. It is of no use to say that it is in a different taste from the rest of the Castle, or even that it is in a bad taste. It was built by Elizabeth: Charles I. and Prince Henry romped in it when they were children. I would not touch it for the world.

Every body must rejoice in the increased splendour of this noblest of our royal residences, and join in Shakspeare's prayer:—

'That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, as the owner it.'

Representative.

Mr. Britton, the intelligent author of so many interesting works on the fine arts and antiquities of this country, has in the press a new work, entitled *The Union of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting*, exemplified by a Series of Illustrations, with descriptive Accounts of the House and Galleries of John Soane, Esq., Professor of Architecture in the Royal Academy.

Preparing for publication, a Series of Picturesque Views of the Cities and Cathedrals of England, from Drawings by G. F. Robson, Painter in Water-Colours.

BIOGRAPHY.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF WEBER, THE COMPOSER.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER was born in the year 1786, at Eutin, in Holstein. While a boy, he displayed a great taste for music and painting, and to these arts he devoted all the time he could spare from his more serious studies. His father, who was a man of independent mind and fortune, was fond of changing his residence; and, settling for some time at Hildburghausen, young Weber, (then but ten years old,) laid, under Heuschkal, the foundation of that spirited and expressive mode of performance on the piano-forte, for which he is so distinguished.

His father, perceiving his son's great talents for music, determined to spare no expense in their cultivation. He accordingly took him to Salzburg, and placed him under the celebrated Michael Haydn; but Weber, who was now but twelve years of age, from some cause or other, learned but little from his illustrious master. In 1798, his father, to encourage him, had six fugues of his composing printed. He was then but thirteen. Of this, his first published work, the *Journal of Music* expressed itself in very favourable terms.—At the end of this year, the elder Weber, finding that he had no chance of attaining the object for which he had placed his son under Haydn, took him to Munich, to receive instructions from the singer Valesi, where he also studied composition under Katcher, to whose attentive, clear, and gradually progressive instructions he was mainly indebted for the acquisition and expert use of the principal aids of his art. At this time he laboured with unabated industry.

His inclination for the drama now first developed itself, and he composed, under the eye of Katcher, his first opera, *Die Macht der Liebe und des Weins*, (the Power of Love and Wine.) He also composed a masque and some other pieces, but these were all destroyed in a fire which broke out in his master's house, and which was near costing our young artist his life. This event made a deep impression on his mind, and turned his thoughts for some time from all musical pursuits. Just at this time, Senefelder invented, at Munich, the art of lithography, and the idea caught the mind of Weber of bringing it to a greater degree of perfection. He had long had the fundamental idea of this art in his mind, and nothing but his musical studies had prevented him from putting it earlier into execution; but now that Senefelder had introduced it, he applied himself with redoubled zeal to the accomplishment of it. He made a hundred different attempts, and at last succeeded in constructing a machine which, in his view, far exceeded that of his rival. In order to construct a large machine, according to his model, he went with his father to Freiburg, in Saxony, where every thing necessary for his work was to be had in abundance; but the tediousness of the operation soon disgusted him, and, in a fit of ill humour, he gave it up, and once more returned to music, and pursued his composition with renewed energy.

At the age of fourteen he composed the music of Weinsberg's opera of the *Waldmädchen*, which was brought out at Dresden, in 1800, with the highest approbation. It was performed with the greatest success at Prague, Vienna, Berlin, and St Petersburg: but Weber has since expressed his regret at its extensive circulation, as he regards it as merely an insignificant youthful work, only to be admired as indicating fertility of invention.

An article in the *Journal of Music* excited in him the idea of employing in his future works the old instruments which had gone out of use. This he first attempted in his opera of *Peter Schmoll und seine Nachbarn*, which turned out a failure. The overture he afterwards recast and printed. In 1802, he made, with his father, a musical tour to Leipzig, Hamburg, and Holstein, during which he collected the works of the great masters on the theory of music. The study of these works excited in him doubts which determined him to reject all that had been hitherto established, and to erect a musical edifice of his own, only retaining such rules of the old masters as should be confirmed by his own reflections.

Having settled his system, he proceeded to Vienna, where he became acquainted with several eminent men, especially with the elder Haydn, a name so well known in England, and with the Abbé Vogler, who received the advances of the youth with kindness, and freely communicated to him the treasures of his knowledge.

By Vogler's advice, he now, though very reluctantly, gave over composing extensive works, and, during two entire years, devoted himself to the study of the various works of

great masters, whose compositions he analysed with his instructor, and by private study he endeavoured to make himself master of their principles. At this period he composed nothing but a few trifles.

While at Vienna, though but eighteen years of age, he received an invitation to go to Breslau as Director of Music. In that place a new field opened to him; he reformed the singers and orchestra, re-modelled several of his earlier compositions, and composed the greater part of the opera of *Rubenzahl*, written by Rhode. The rather unpleasant duties of his office prevented him engaging in any works of greater magnitude; he was, therefore, not at all displeased at a summons to Carlsruhe, from Duke Eugene of Wirtemberg, a sincere lover of the arts. At Carlsruhe, he was enabled to follow his own inclinations, and he composed his opera of *Silvane*, a recast of the *Walddmädchen*, made by Hirman; he also composed his celebrated cantata, *Der erste Ton*, and several overtures, symphonies, and pieces for the piano-forte. Even in Carlsruhe he felt himself confined, and, in 1810, he set out on another tour, and visited Frankfort, Berlin, Munich, &c., in which places his operas were performed, and his playing gave delight. He had also the pleasure of seeing again the worthy Vogler, who introduced him to his two pupils, Gausbach and Meyerbeer. In company with the latter, he again enjoyed the advantage of the profound experience of Vogler, and composed his opera of *Abon Hassan*.

In 1813, Weber went to Prague, as Director of the Opera, where he reformed, or rather re-created, every thing; and, in the midst of his laborious employments, he found time to compose his great cantata, *Kampf und Sieg*, a work eminently distinguished by greatness and abundance of ideas.

In 1816, he laid down his employment, resolved from henceforth to devote his whole life to his art alone. But the most flattering, most enticing offers besieged him on every side. On the very same day he received invitations from an emperor and two kings. That of the King of Saxony, who wished to establish a German Opera at Dresden, could alone induce him to submit to the trammels of business; and at Dresden he devoted himself entirely to the organization of the opera, to the great gratification of the court and the public.

Since his establishment at Dresden, besides several pieces of music, and occasional cantatas, two noble masses, composed for the birth-day of the king and the offertorium, he has produced his *Freischütz*, first performed in Berlin, in 1821, and ever since the astonishment of both hemispheres. In consequence of the prodigious success of this piece, he was invited to compose a new opera for Vienna. He, therefore, joined with Madame de Chizy, who wrote the opera of *Euryanthe*, from an old French tale. It was performed in Vienna on the 25th October, 1823, and afterwards brought out on all the stages in Germany, especially in Berlin, with the greatest applause, although, from its nature, it can never be so popular as its prede-

cessor. The most popular of his works is the *Freischütz*; and his collection of airs, for four voices, called *Leyer und Schuret*, is universally admired.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—On Thursday a new play in three acts, called *Benyowsky, or the Exiles of Kamtschatka*, was produced at this theatre. It is an alteration from the German of Kotzebue. The story is as follows:—Count Benyowski (Mr. Bennett) has organised a conspiracy among the exiles, to obtain their freedom, and escape by sea in trading vessels they have secured for that purpose. Having obtained the particular attention and even friendship of the governor (Mr. Bedford), and been employed by him as the tutor to his daughters, the eldest of them, Athanasia (Miss Foote), becomes enamoured of him. This and other circumstances exposes him to the envy and jealousy of Stephanoff, (Mr. Wallack), a fellow conspirator, who endeavours to instil the same feelings into his companions. Being detected in a tender situation with Athanasia, the governor indignantly banishes him the castle, but shortly relents. In the meantime, Athanasia is apprised of the conspiracy, through her waiting-maid, whose lover, a freeman, but in concert with the exiles, writes to persuade her to join him in his flight. Athanasia goes to Benyowski in an agony of despair to ascertain the truth, and just as he has obtained from him a confession, is joined by her father, who pronounces Benyowsky free, in consideration for the services he has rendered him, and declares his unshaken esteem for him, and gives him his daughter in marriage, desiring, in order to silence his calumniators, that the ceremony may take place immediately. This interview is overheard by Stephanoff, who, in consequence, so influences his companions against the Count, that he with difficulty escapes their fury. He disarms them, however, by his ready confession, and offers to sacrifice his passion, and lead them instantly to the conflict; but in their unprepared state they resolve the wedding shall take place in order to lull suspicion, and Benyowski, with six companions as guests, go to the castle to accomplish the ceremony. Here the interest becomes critical, Stephanoff, bursting himself with an uncontrolled passion for Athanasia, hurries to the castle, on the eve of the ceremony, obtains an interview with her, and, after declaring his own love, enjoins her to suspend the ceremony, reviles his rival, threatening the most dreadful vengeance if she refuses compliance with his demand. Here Benyowski encounters him, and leads away Athanasia, overawing him with a bold defiance. The governor then appears, the festive music is heard, and Stephanoff, exasperated to the utmost with jealousy and despair, discovers the conspiracy. Benyowski is made prisoner, but escapes by a window, over a perilous descent of rocks, at the foot of which he arrives in a dying state, quite exhausted. Here Stephanoff, wandering in solitude, overcome with shame and remorse, discovers

him; his heart is melted, he saves him from perishing, is pardoned by Benyowski, and rescued from detection. An attempt is then made to lure Benyowski back, by a forced letter from Athanasia, but he discovers his danger by a red ribband inclosed, (a signal agreed on between them,) secures the Hetman, and entraps a party of Cossacks who attend him. By means of their dresses the Exiles enter the fort in disguise, of which they at once become masters by surprising the guard. The governor makes a desperate defence, and attacking Benyowski in the arms of his daughter, Stephanoff runs to their defence, and receives a pistol shot, of which he dies, proud of the victory of his companions, and in thus atoning to those he had so much wronged. The governor is made prisoner, but the troops rallying in the plain, with a view of starving out the rebels, the latter have seized on their wives and children, whom they threaten with destruction in case of further resistance. The governor, overcome with this danger, won by the magnanimity of Benyowski, and a party of Siberian exiles having intercepted an order for his arrest, for his indulgent treatment of the exiles, and in consequence of cabals against him, he restores his daughter to her plighted husband, resolves to follow their fortunes, orders his troops to yield the passage, and completes their triumph.

The incidents in this play are not very striking, and the dialogue is poor; the songs were tolerable, but they were wretchedly executed, so far as Miss Foote and Miss Cubitt were concerned. The acting was generally good, that of Wallack excellent. Harley was highly amusing as Tristram Stark. The scenery was very fine, beautiful, and appropriate. The piece was announced for repetition amidst a mixture of applause and hisses, perhaps the *ayes* had the majority.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.—**MR. MATHEWS AT HOME.**—When Mr. Mathews is the host, (and he is always a host in himself,) who will refuse to be a guest? No one, we are sure, who has ever been at one of his banquets, or is fond of good cheer. Of this class, we confess ourselves, and were found at Mr. Mathews, *At Home*, on Saturday last, when, like the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he produced his budget—though unlike him in other respects, for Mr. Mathews taxes nothing but our risible features, on which he certainly levies a heavy contribution. For seven successive years has this genuine son of Momus delighted the town—aye, and the country too, with his imitations and personifications, and he has commenced his eighth season with undiminished popularity. His new entertainment is called *Invitations*, and as soon as the cheers of a crowded audience would permit, he began to explain its nature. He commenced by stating, that he had served a seven years' apprenticeship to the public, yet he likes his situation so well, that he would not throw up his indentures. He then recapitulated his former adventures in search of novelty, and stated, that he has travelled every where in search of it, from Little Britain to Great Britain, from York to New

York, from England to America, has been everywhere, would almost anywhere, though to be immortal, as he lives, road to ruin, over the globe, he should have a chance, would dating apply, ver the cent, portant in, postman, chaunted, suggested, of Mr. Mathews, receives letters of them, proved and, trated the, for two, Mathews, Hammers, appealed, writer and, The letter, however, then gives, late dinner, get rid of, off until the, at Charing, go off, dote of a, wife, who, R. S. V., card which, ber Six years, a Mrs. W., when he, got a sam, and almo, one of the, saying 'I, come and, invitation, seated and, who were, lity, then, until a li, Please, pliments, A visit to, be haun, he shave, tongue, valetudin, the door, gentleman, Blancman, imitates, which co, dressed p, fire, then, lobsters, stirring t, of itself, Norwood, us to son

York, from France to Petty France, and from England to New England—that though he has been seven seasons before the public, he would almost like to be seventy times seven, though to do this, he must change himself from Mathews to Mathusalem; in short, he wishes his seasons, like those of Thomson, to be immortal. He would, however, as long as he lived, endeavour to Macadamize the road to mirth, and throw a suspension bridge over the gulf of sorrow. Meditating on what he should get for his new entertainment, chance, which, in the shape of an accommodating apple, enabled Sir I. Newton to discover the centre of gravity, solved his no less important inquiries. The knock of the two penny postman was the spell by which he was enchanted, and the numerous letters he brought, suggested not only the subject, but the title of Mr. Mathews's *Invitations*. Mr. Mathews receives letters on a variety of subjects: one of them professed to be a new joke, but proved an Old Joe,—Mr. Mathews had frustrated the writer; another, asked an order for two, because his grandfather and Mr. Mathews's uncle had once rode in the Hammersmith stage together; and a third appealed to his bounty in behalf of the writer and his ten brothers and sisters. The letters on the present occasion were, however, all *Invitations*, on which Mr. M. then gives an exordium, denouncing formality, late dinners, and the intrigues of mothers to get rid of their daughters, or make them go off until they are as well known as the statue at Charing Cross, and quite as unlikely to go off. Mr. Mathews then relates an anecdote of a Mr. Fingerfit, a glover, and his wife, who were puzzled with the initials, *n. s. v. p.* (*Reponse s'il vous plait.*) on a card which at last they resolve into Remember Six very punctually. He next introduces a Mrs. Worritt, who knew him when a child, when he had flaxen hair and blue eyes,—has got a sample of the first cutting of the former, and almost sees the other. Mrs. Worritt is one of those persons who are perpetually saying 'Do come and dine; when will you come and dine, without giving any direct invitation?' Mr. M., however, goes, and is seated among some dozen formal persons, who were anxious for a specimen of his quality, though none of them ventured to ask, until a little girl sidled up to him and said, 'Please, Mr. Mathews, grandmama's compliments, and she wants you to be funny.' A visit to the Opera makes Mr. Mathews to be haunted with a tune next morning, and he shaves with 'Non piu andrai' on his tongue. He next visits a Mr. Shakely, a valetudinarian, who gets cold if the key of the door is turned crosswise in the lock; this gentleman, a blunt servant, and Sir Benjamin Blancmange, another valetudinarian, Mr. M. imitates. He then gives a recipe for a rout, which consists of putting a number of well-dressed persons in a room, heated by a slow fire, then throwing in a quantity of ham, lobsters, &c., not forgetting the wine, and stirring the whole up, the scum will run off of itself. An invitation to a gypsy party at Norwood, enables Mr. Mathews to introduce us to some other characters, which he does in

a song. We had forgot to say that Mr. Mathews accepts invitations six days in a week, and that these are the adventures of the first day. At his gipsying party there were a few mishaps in melting the ice, forgetting the wine, losing the eels out of the pie, a dog going off with a surloin of beef, and the spruce beer going off of itself.

On Tuesday Mr. Mathews dines with a Sir Donald Sampleton, and here he meets with two new characters, Sir Harry Skelter and Mr. Popper. The former travels apparently in search of disappointment, nothing pleases him. The falls of Niagara fell below his expectation, for he heard nothing but their noise, and could see nothing for the fall: the North Pole unexpectedly left him a nose on his face—Vesuvius is a mere humbug—St. Peter's is like St. Paul's—the Pope is like Pope the actor, but not so fat, and as for St. Peter's pen, it is true it is six feet long, but so it should be to write hexameters. Mr. Popper is a great sportsman, and relates a story of his pointer Basto, the truth of which he positively asserts. Being out shooting on the first of September, he missed his dog in a thicket, and returning to the same place in the following February, he found there the skeleton of a partridge and the skeleton of Basto, still in the attitude of pointing. A visit to the King's Theatre enables Mr. Mathews to give some imitations of Velluti, Porto, and De Begnis, which he does in a song. Here endeth the first part.

The second part of Mr. Mathews's *Invitations* introduces us to a Scotch mathematician, Mr. Archibald M'Rhomboid, who is very inquisitive and very *precise*. Dining with this gentleman, Mr. M. relates a tale which has been told both in prose and verse, in *The Literary Chronicle*, of an executioner beheading, for a reward of one hundred piastres, a man so adroitly, that he did not know he had been touched, until, being told to shake his head, it dropped off. Mr. M'Rhomboid expresses no surprise at the story, but asks if the man got the one hundred piastres. We have now a song for the benefit of the *rising* generation, called London at five o'clock in the morning. It possesses much point and humour. The visitor, who has left a hackney-coach waiting all night, and who has thus allowed the fare to grow from one shilling and sixpence to twenty-eight shillings and sixpence—the gentleman who, after 'spinning out' the evening with his friends, is 'reeling' home with 'business on both sides of the way,' are excellent hits, and the imitations of the various cries, as the morning advances, are felicitous. Some of the jokes, however, are rather the worse for wear.

Mr. Mathews next visits a Mr. Dilbery, who is blessed with a numerous progeny, with whose amusements he is sadly bored; he afterwards goes to a Rouge et Noir table, and he gives us an admirable picture of those sinks of iniquity—gaming houses. His hero is Henry Ardourly, a Yorkshire fox-hunter, who, at first, allured by success, continues to frequent the table until he reduces himself and his whole family to beggary. The poor fellow becomes distracted, and Mr. M. next

sees him in a mad-house; the interview is an affecting one, and Mr. Mathews represents it with a pathos and effect, which may be ranked among the most successful efforts in tragedy. By way of relief to this serious incident, we are led to the hustings of a general election, which he describes in an excellent song. Among the conspicuous characters there is an impartial wall chalker, who writes up, No Humdrum, on one side of the way, and Humdrum for ever, on the other. A voter's son comes to announce that his father would vote for Mr. Humdrum, but 'he has not got never a hat to come to the poll,' upon which Mr. Humdrum sends his own hat; this being intimated to Mr. Winterbottom, who is on the other side, he significantly remarks that he shall take advantage of it at a proper time and place. A dead cat is thrown on the hustings, which is called a *poll-cat*. An enemy to bribery and corruption, denounces a candidate because, as he has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, he will not scruple to accept thousands. An Irish orator, as an elector of 'the revolving globe,' recommends his auditors to look forward to the praises of 'a remote and beautiful posterity,' when dynasties shall have dwindled into dust, and declares that, if they were disposed to indulge in the 're-tort of reiterated recrimination,' they could put forth that which would blister the skins of their opponents, even if they were hardened into the hide of a rhinoceros. This speech is followed by another, by a panegyrist of indigence, in which he scouts the notion of opposing a candidate, because he is 'possessed of poverty,' and enlarges on the superiority of the poor over those which are possessed of riches—'that is them which is rich.' He shows, in eloquent language, the rich man walking in Morocco slippers over velvet, 'declining his emancipated limbs on a sofa,' drinking 'Moko' coffee in 'chaynay cups,' as if Worcester manufacture was not good enough—while the poor man, 'with his wife and his other children, which the rich man never had any,' walks forth, strong and asthmatic, to admire the 'creolian heavens.' Another orator declares he will 'never by no means vote for no man that won't say no when the minister says yes.'

The second part of Mr. Mathews's entertainment is, as usual, a monopolylogue, and is entitled *The City Barge*, in which he introduces Sir Harry Skelter, Popper, and five other characters, all of which he personates with singular adroitness; we confess, however, that *The City Barge* does not please us so well as *The Polly Packet*, or *The Diligence*, but the whole entertainment is such as Mathews alone can give, and it was received throughout, not only the first, but on the succeeding nights, with the loudest cheers of fashionable and crowded audiences. Many of the jokes are very smart, and even those that are not original, are almost rendered so by the happy talent Mr. Mathews has of relating them; we are glad Mr. Mathews has commenced his *At Home*, for we are sure he will do more to dispel the gloom that pervades the metropolis, than all the acts of the legislature.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

An interesting discovery was lately made at the Castle of Pequet, in the canton of Vaud. It is that of an ancient manuscript, containing all the particulars of the war between the Swiss and the Savoyards, and of the campaign of Henry IV. of Savoy.

A plan is said to have been formed, by several mercantile houses at Milan, to substitute for the long and difficult road over the Spielgen, a gallery through the foot of the mountains between Spielgen and Isola. This passage would be a league and an half in length and would be lighted with gas. Nothing, however, could be done without the permission of the Emperor of Austria, which was not expected to be granted, as any thing tending to facilitate an entrance into Italy was not popular at the court of Austria. Three millions of francs had already been subscribed towards this grand and beneficial enterprise.

Among the curious books belonging to the late Rev. F. Smedley, of Westminster School, there is Welch's List of Westminster Scholars, with a continuation in MS. by the Rev. F. Smedley. Among this interesting document are the names of Dryden, Busby, Atterbury, Camden, Prior, Prideaux, Edward Wortley Montague, John Hippeley Cox, &c. &c., and numerous others; also, a list of the stewards at the Westminster anniversary dinners, from its institution to 1824.

Mr. Somerville's Safety Gun.—A priest is said to have invented gunpowder, and to a clergyman of the church of Scotland we are indebted for an improvement on guns, which is admirably calculated, not to destroy, but to preserve human life from accidents by fire arms. We allude to the invention of the Rev. Mr. Somerville, of Currie. Mr. Somerville's new gun is completely locked at all times, and in every possible circumstance, except when brought to the shoulder and levelled at an object, which, at the very moment, and in the very position, it should be unlocked; it is locked even in its progress to the shoulder, and in its descent from it; for the spring which keeps the lock immovable is never touched till the gun is brought up to the shoulder and levelled by the eye, and then the left hand, by a gentle pressure on the safety spring, unlocks the trigger, and thus allows the gun to be fired in the ordinary way. But besides safety, this gun evidently possesses several subordinate advantages; greater dispatch is evidently one of those, as the sportsman with this gun is enabled, with the most perfect security, to go always with his fowling-piece full cocked, and thus, without loss of time or distraction of thought, is always fully prepared for discharging it. Besides, it places the left hand in the place of safety in case of the gun bursting, and renders fire-arms brought into houses, lying in rooms, and exposed to the curiosity of young, ignorant, or thoughtless persons, perfectly safe.

Mr. Carne, the author of *Letters from the East*, has in the press, *Letters written during a Tour through Switzerland and Italy in the year 1825*.

In a few days will be published, a fine engraving from Chantro's celebrated monument of two children, erected at Lichfield Cathedral.

It is stated in a French Journal, that M. de Chateaubriand has sold the property of his complete works 'to a company of editors for 700,000 francs.' These works will form twenty-five volumes, of which above the half are inedited. The celebrated *Essay on Revolutions* will also be included. It is said that this work will be enriched with notes, to amend certain passages which betray the youth of the author. Such a revision would be necessary, were some of our English authors to publish complete editions of their works. The Poet Laureat's notes on his *Wat Tyler*, would be a rich treat.

An interesting exhibition took place on the 26th of February, in the University of Göttingen. Three of the professors, among whom was the celebrated naturalist, Blumenbach, celebrated their jubilee, or 50th year of public service. The other professors of the University, the authorities of the town, and a deputation of the students, received them at the public hall, where medals struck in their honour were presented to them, and letters of congratulation read to them from his Royal Highness, the Duke of Cambridge, Governor General of Hanover.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Mar. 10	50	67	45	30 33	Fair.
.... 11	44	50	43	.. 33	Do.
.... 12	44	49	38	.. 47	Do.
.... 13	39	45	38	.. 44	Do.
.... 14	42	50	42	.. 04	Do.
.... 15	43	52	38	29 91	Do.
.... 16	35	44	36	30 25	Cloudy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SCOTUS and J. R. P. have been received.

Phœbe Pry is informed, that we never insert the gossipings of any scandalous coterie, however true; the tale to which she alludes we do not believe.

A Minor will, we suspect, never gain the rank of major in the service of the muses, unless he alters much.

Works just published.—Moore's *Views of the Birman War*, taken near Rangoon, Parts II. III. 12 11s. 6d. each; complete, 4l. 14s. 6d.—Martin's *Illustrations of Milton's Paradise Lost*, Part VII. 10s. 6d.—Milligan's *Celsi Medicina*, 8vo. 16s.—Grafenstein, a poem, in five cantos, 8vo. 12s.—The *Last of the Mobians*, three vols. 14 1s.—The *Heroine of the Peninsula*, two vols. 12s.—Macdonald on *Free Trade*, 8vo. 12s.—Taylor's *Parlour Commentaries*, 5s.—Eagle and Young's *Tithe Cases*, four vols. 5l.—East India Register for 1826. 10s.—Obstinacy, a tale, 6s.—Campbell's *Birth of Bruce*, 8s.—De Foix, an historical romance, three vols. 12 7s.—Cole on the *Prophecies*, two vols. 12 1s.—The *Progress of Fashion*, 7s. 6d.—*Essay on Mind*, and other Poems, 5s. 6d.

On Saturday, the 25th March, will be published, in two vols. foolscap 8vo. price 14s.

MR. BLOUNT'S MSS., being Selections from the Papers of a Man of the World. By the AUTHOR of GILBERT EARLE. 'I waive the quantum of the sin, The hazard of concealing; But, oh! it hardens a' within, And petrifies the feeling.'—Burns. Printed for Charles Knight, Pall Mall East.

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